MBER 27 — OCT. 3, 1980

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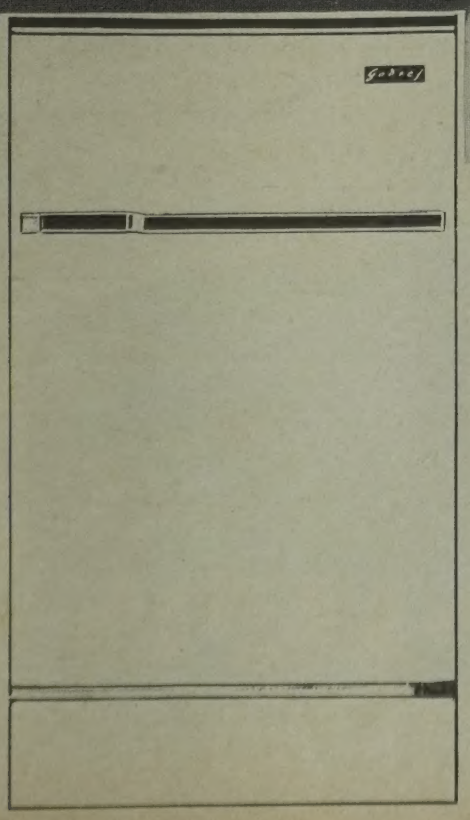

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Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIV NO. 39 BOMBAY SEPT. 27 — OCT. 3, 1980

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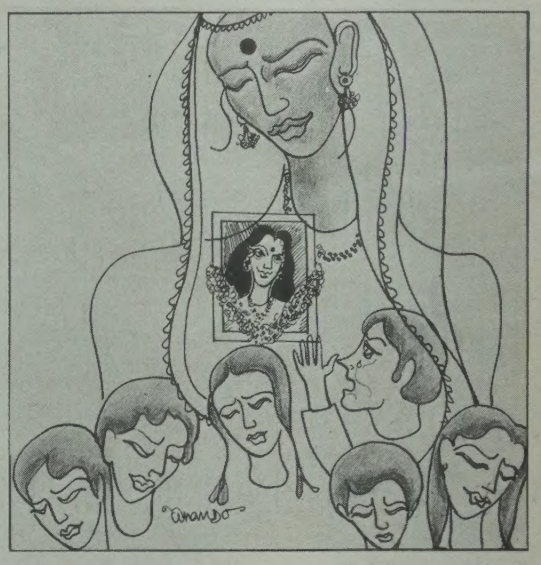
THIS WEEK

THE SECOND WIFE

Married — he for the second time, she for the first. The situation is no longer as uncommon even in India as it used to be. And, whether his first marriage was terminated by death or divorce, the second wife is almost sure to face certain difficult situations. Interviews with five women.
Page 10.



IMAGES OF WOMEN

Beginning a new column to take a look at the portrayal of women in Indian cinema — particularly commercial Hindi films. This month, a discussion of the current crop of films featuring supposedly independent young women.
Page 20.

UNDERSTANDING PARAPLEGIA

Paraplegics are those who, for one or other of a variety of reasons, are paralysed from the waist down. It is a severe handicap, but they can lead happy and useful lives.
Page 41.

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP

There is more to the lady than her valuable contribution, in the form of the nursing services, to the medical science. She played a major role in bringing a proper health and sanitary system to Indian cities.
Page 47.

ALSO

Knitting Feature: A cardigan — **Page 23** Women in the Indian Forest Service — **Page 25** Women in Focus : Som Tiwari — **Page 29** "Price to be Met": Part II of the Mills & Boon serialization — **Page 32** Film Interview : Padmini Kolhapure — **Page 43** Artist of the Month : Savi Prakash — **Page 44** Step by Step Cookery : Spinach Roulade — **Page 50** Women in the Labour Force: Working against odds — **Page 51.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Comics/**15**, Story/**17**, Beauty Bulletin/**19**, Short Story/**28**, Fashion/**30**, Cookery/**35**, People Known & Unknown/**39**, That's A Laugh/**40**, What's New/**42**, Human Interest Story /**45**, Life's A Funny Thing/**53**, Frankly Speaking/**55**, People & Events/**56**, Horoscope/**58**.

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YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
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1st PRIZE

I SHALL SURVIVE. . .

The only lasting solution to the problem of dignity of women is to ensure their complete economic independence at all stages of their lives.

It is not enough if a woman takes up a casual job to save money and resigns after a while, throwing herself at the mercy of her husband or parents to whom she surrenders all her savings. This would only undermine her dignity. Every woman should plan her education and career in such a way as to improve her employability. She must secure a good job and continue in it till her retirement and be ready to accept assignments even after retirement in order to remain occupied. In this way, she would be independent of her husband in her wedded life and of her children and in-laws in the evening of her life. Such economic independence would enable her to command their 'respect' — a bright, new idea, indeed, for a woman used to subordination and 'ill-treatment' — and she need have no fear of insecurity at any stage in life. An unkind parent, a menacing brother or colleague, or a husband threatening separation would not then hold out bewildering prospects. Working, earning and saving — these alone would see her safely through the struggles of life. A materialistic way of looking at things, maybe, but isn't everyone around us materialistic? Haven't we suffered enough by being altruistic?

PREMA BASKARAN, Madurai.

We agree entirely. However, most distressingly, women are still not thinking in terms of working forever, or even until retirement. Even career women of many years are often heard to say: "After all, how long can I go on working?" This attitude must change — we talk of equality, but don't really seem to want it.

2nd PRIZE

BRINGING UP MOTHER

By the time my children were four months old, they were on a steady diet of orange juice, mashed potatoes, mashed fruits like banana and chickoo, and cereal, besides milk and vitamin drops. I had read Spock and various women's magazines and considered myself well-versed in the art of babycare. And I am proud to say that my children rarely suffered from stomach problems and grew up nice and healthy.

Imagine my shock, therefore, when I first came to Nagpur from Bombay and learned that the mothers here do not give solid food till the baby is seven months old, that they believe orange juice "gives a sore throat", potatoes "produce gas", fruits "create indigestion", biscuits "result in diarrhoea", vitamins are "doctor's nonsense". Of course, needless to say their children have a perpetual stomach disorder, go through ear aches, stomach aches and fever often and are so delicate that the slightest exertion is enough to make them fall ill.

Mind you, these people are literate, fairly educated (at least upto SSC) and not very orthodox. If this is the state of affairs here, I wonder what is happening in obscure villages and the remote places of India.

MRS. VEENA ADIGE, Nagpur

So, the Bombaywallah found the yokels too 'stoopid', is it? Maybe they are, maybe they aren't — depends on whom you met and how much you observed. You'd be surprised (or would you?) to know how many ignorant — and educated — mothers there are right here in Bombay. And, incidentally, Dr. Spock has had some terrible ups and downs. Some years he is the supreme know-all and some years he is way down there!

3rd PRIZE

SUCCESS, YOU KNOW HOW. . .

Success is a much-sought-after, though highly elusive, commodity in today's rat-race — all agree that it is extremely difficult to make it to the top. Whether the hurdles in a woman's path are any more than those that a man faces is debatable but, in any case, they can be no less. Yet, I have found people readily accept the fact that a man is a success because he deserves to be, while a woman has got there by means not altogether worthy. Is success in a woman such an incomprehensible proposition?

If a woman is successful does it not stand to reason that she is so because she is competent, and that she also must have worked her way to the top by sheer effort and by the sweat of her brow. Why is it suggested that she has a pact with the higher-ups who have been responsible for her position? I have seen and heard knowing smiles and sly remarks when the topic comes under discussion as to how so and so has made it to the top so rapidly (fields as diverse as the professions, politics and the arts have come under fire). It is implied that there is always someone to lead a woman to where she is — success has been handed to her on a platter and what is worse, by the back-door. This is not only humiliating but also very degrading for the female morale.

DAPHNE KHAN, Hyderabad

Think nothing of it! So what if a woman has gained her success through the love and faith and influence of a man? With every second male today, both in the public and private sectors, owing his success and position to some godfather or the other, what's so degrading anymore? If the woman has drive and talent and determination, this one single "push" will take her on the road to success and keep her there. If she doesn't have it in her, she won't last — and that's all there is to it.

GRANDMA, WHAT THICK SPECS. . .

Pity is like the proverbial four-lettered word and the tendency to pity others, and oneself, is, unfortunately, greatly accentuated in womenfolk. If it makes them feel more "feminine" by acting more concerned about the misfortunes of others, or if they nurse the illusion that they are sharing the person's sorrows, they are sadly mistaken.

From my personal experience, I can say that it aggravates the sorrow and leaves one wondering about one's shortcomings.

I hapen to wear high-powered spectacles which are rather thick for my age. Well, it's now been scores of times that I have come across pitiful glances from women. The worst are those who start a conversation merely to satiate their curiosity about the number. Even if they are not encouraged, they callously carry on with their pitying remarks which tend to irritate, because of the obvious superficiality. I have had specs perched on my nose since the age of eight and have since learnt to peacefully co-exist with them and consider them a part of me; it is only when I am hammered with these uncalled-for sympathies that the seriousness of my ophthalmological problem strikes me with particular intensity. Even if their intentions are genuine, they are ill-conceived and misplaced.

If only women were able to overcome this unfortunate 'instinct of pity', they would be in a position to engage themselves in more healthy and worthwhile activities.

SARITA YADAV, New Delhi.

We can understand your annoyance and we agree that all this "pity" is. . . just a pity, a damn shame. These are generally petty women who have nothing to contribute — why not just ignore them?

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Doctors recommend Farex
Baby's ideal solid food for rapid all-round growth

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

PROMOTING BREAST-FEEDING

With reference to the article, "Propagating A Bad Habit" (Consumer Awareness, August 2), I must congratulate Krishna Basrur for imparting such valuable information regarding the importance and positive points of breast-feeding.

Public interest groups and other organisations should, instead of opposing the promotion and popularity of baby foods, rather popularize the benefits of breast-feeding and its importance to the child's health. Just fighting against the advertisements of baby foods will not stop the usage. Instead there must be something realistic to be done which will stop mothers from discontinuing breast-feeding, or diverting to bottle feeding.

AMEE J. VASANI, Thane.

MORE BEACHES

The article, "A Beach For All Seasons" by Hugh and Colleen Gantzer (August 9), made interesting reading. But the authors have nothing to say about the beautiful beaches in eastern India. There are popular holiday resorts at the beaches of Digha (West Bengal), Puri, Gopalpur (both in Orissa) and Waltair (Andhra Pradesh). There are also a few beautiful beaches in Gujarat (e.g. Dwaraka and Verabal) which could be developed into excellent holiday resorts. We would like to know more about these places which offer various types of accommodations — suitable for middle class families and working women travelling in groups.

SUBHRA DUTTA, Calutta.

THE INNER BEAUTY

The Human Interest Story (August 9) about Madhuri was an eye-opener, especially the lines, "There is an inner beauty in you that they do not see. It is this which is important. When you are kind and smiling and do not hurt anyone, then you are the most beautiful person in the world." Most of us are caught up in the whirl of externals and fail to realise the beauty within us. Oh that each one would bring this inner beauty to light with a smiling face and a helping hand.

LILIAN SIQUEIRA, Bombay.

THE LIES THEY TELL

In the article, "The Permissible Lie" by Rochelle D'Souza (August 9), the following question appears, "Is it honest for advertisers to use the names of famous personalities in order to market their product, when those personalities do not use it?" To my mind, the question is ridiculous. It is NOT honest and there's an end to it. Advertising men may have been wedded to the truth but, years ago, the official divorce came through.

GEORGE T. FEGRADOE, Bombay.

GOOD SHORT STORY

I am writing these few lines to tell you that the story, "Irony of Fate" by Pramilla Bharat Singh (August 9), was well written and appealing.

A. FERNES, Secunderabad.

This is to convey my pleasure in reading the story, "Irony of Fate" by Pramilla Bharat Singh (August 9). It was a deeply touching story of an unusual occurrance in the life of a girl.

SANJANA, Bombay.

Please refer to the short story, "Irony of Fate" written by Pramilla Bharat Singh (August 9). It was very touching and realistic, because such cases do happen in middle class families.

ANIL SHARMA, Delhi.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF OCT. 4, 1980

COOLER DAYS AHEAD!

This is a good time to plan an off-the-beaten-track holiday into desert country. Not only is the scenery totally different from the usual holiday spots, but there is the additional bonus of a peep into some of the most colourful, adventurous and often gory aspects of our history.

LEUCODERMA

The advent of those ominous white spots on the skin is enough to strike terror into the hearts of even the most stalwart. The psychological impact far outweighs the physical implications of this disease. But it seems there is no reason to despair, because two separate schools of medicine now offer help to afflicted persons.

BUYER Vs. SELLER

Customer relations is not much of a priority with our manufacturers and retailers. A Consumer Awareness feature.

Plus all our regular features.

THE SECOND WIFE

Amita Sarwal

Going ... going ... gone are the days when "till death do us apart" was repeated and adhered to. Nowadays more and more marriages are breaking up, and second marriages contracted. Divorcees are beginning to be looked upon as other than "bad women" and second wives are getting to be more accepted by society.

Marriage, of course, is a gamble in itself. But for a second wife the problems to be overcome could very well be doubled — for not only does she take on a man "with a past," but often a house furnished by another woman, an income reduced by alimony and children who may see her as the proverbial wicked step-mother.

She may successfully overcome some of the practical re-adjustment problems without too much trouble, but what of the emotional doubts? "Did he love his first wife more than me?", "Does he campare me to her?", "Did he marry me just for the sake of the children, or his career, or to combat loneliness?" "If the first marriage didn't work out, what are the chances of the second one surviving?". These could be some of the queries in the new wife's mind

Talking with five "second wives," the overall impression gained was that second marriages were often a lot better than first ones. For, as one of the women puts it humorously, "After all, he's had a lot more practice!"

* * *

Asha was 30 when she married Ramesh, a widower of 38.

"If a man is divorced," she says, "at least you know the marriage failed. If it ends in death, so many questions must remain unanswered."

Asha attributes Ramesh's oft-cynical attitude towards life to the great loss he suffered in the death of his first wife. He and Sheila had also had a love marriage, and when, five years later, she died, it left him full of mistrust, always expecting the worst from the world.

Asha, a public relations officer in a commercial house, met him at an official "do". This set off a series of chance meetings and then Ramesh started courting her. They fell in love and got married three years ago. "But I still know he's holding back," she says.

Once the honeymoon was over, Asha shifted into Ramesh's apartment, "and the honeymoon was truly over," she laughs. "I'd stepped into a world which belonged to someone else. I felt an intruder. Everything was as Sheila had left it. Even the ayah had been with Sheila ever since their daughter was born. She had faithfully looked after her since her mother's death.

"In the house as I said, nothing had changed. The decor, the furniture, was all as Sheila had left it. And I could even sense the ayah's hostility. There were many snide remarks like, 'Sheila memsahib didn't do this thing this way' and so on — till I decided to put my foot down. After a stern admonishing she realized I was now the lady of the house and she has learnt — maybe grudgingly — to accept me as such.

"In the beginning," Asha continues "seven-old Ruchita was the epitome of a problem child. The first year was sheer hell for all of us. I never had Ramesh to myself. He, I presume, not knowing how to divide his loyalties, over-pampered the kid because, as he said, he felt guilty for imposing me upon her.

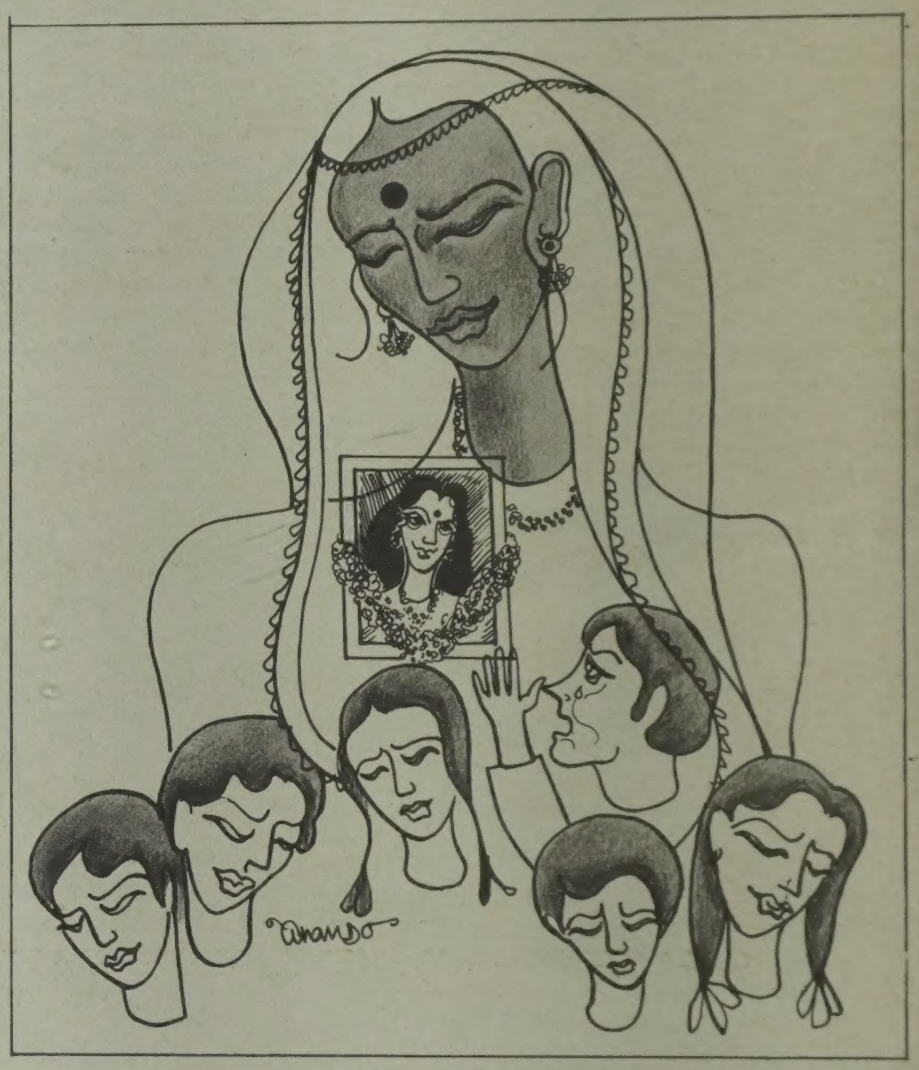
"Ruchita had an emotional setback and I think I can understand the reasons. Maybe it was the insecurity and sense of being deprived, or of being alone. She was hyper-sensitive. I remember a couple of years ago I met an old school friend and introduced Ramesh and Ruchita. There were tantrums because I'd called her my step-daughter. Admittedly that was my fault. The word 'step' has been taboo since then and she has now learnt to accept me.

"Ramesh and I decided things might work better if we had more children. It has helped. We have twin boys just a year old. Ruchita has quickly adjusted to her two new brothers and my in-laws have also accepted me. Earlier they too had their misgivings. They thought I was just marrying him because he was a successful executive and me a spinster! Being a close knit family, they didn't know how I would adjust, especially towards their grand-daughter.

"The idea that I really loved Ramesh and wanted to take care of him and Ruchita as my own didn't occur to them initially but — touch wood — all is well now'" she said with a sense of achievement.

* * *

Kavita has married her former brother-in-law. Her sister, Savita, and Sudhir had been married six years when the former died during the birth of her third child.



"Theirs had been a college romance, and Sudhir was a familiar figure in our household for years. After a five-year courtship, they tied the knot. I was four years younger than Savita," says Kavita.

"Sudhir is a tea planter, so after Savita's death, the kids — four years, two years and the new-born — were brought over to our place and Mummy and I looked after them."

Their father would come down frequently to visit them. This continued for about two years. One day Sudhir's mother came to Kavita's mother with a proposal.

"She wanted me to marry Sudhir. My mother said the decision would be left entirely to me. I suppose one of the main reasons, I consented — and also why I'd been asked — was because of the kids. I'd become very attached to them and at 28 my life revolved around children both at home and at the school I was teaching at. Sudhir? I wasn't in love with him then, but definitely very fond of him," she says. "So I thought this was a natural follow-up."

"I went into a ready-made home — family and all. The house at the plantation was as it had been during Didi's time, and for a long while it didn't occur to me to change it. This was my initial mistake — a big blunder which might have ruined my marriage. I tried to win Sudhir over by being like Didi.

"She was a wonderful cook and I strived to perfect the dishes Sudhir liked. That was okay. But I did many stupid things too. Like Didi had short hair, whereas I had always worn a bun. During my first holiday back home, I cut my hair and styled it like hers. When Sudhir saw me next, there was a perplexed look on his face which I couldn't fathom. I also started wearing all her clothes.

"Then one day Sudhir talked

to me and that timely advice not only saved our marriage but helped me regain my lost individuality. He told me never to try and imitate Didi, as that would bring about an inevitable comparison and in such a situation I would always be second-best, however hard I strived. He told me he had married me for what I was. That really made the day for me, and that is when I started loving him more," she said.

Kavita has been married for seven years now, and is blissfully happy. She has two children of her own and they are one big family of seven.

* * *

19-year-old **Georgina** married 27-year-old Akhtar, whose first wife (still living) is Georgina's cousin.

A mother of six and a widow for over a decade now, **Zainab** (formerly Georgina) looks back on life and all its ups and downs with a certain fatalism.

"I had known Akhtar since I was about thirteen. We used to play badminton together. After a couple of years and a lot of hue and cry, he married Susan, who became a Muslim. Even before he started courting me, there were stories about his numerous extra-marital affairs. Admittedly, he was quite a womanizer. He gave me the usual story: Susan didn't understand him, she couldn't fulfil his emotional or physical needs, etc., and that was why he went in search of fresh pastures.

"Till I fell in love with Akhtar I'd wanted to become a nun. I knew the step I was about to take was totally in the opposite direction. Firstly, marrying, and secondly, marrying a married man and a father of four!

"My parents were very angry and I had to leave home. For a year I stayed at the Salvation Army hostel.

"Being fully aware that I was involved in a 'wrong' match, I tried to put as many obstacles as possible in my way, to try and make things more difficult for me.

But we got finally married in 1957. His parents were very pleased, because they knew what a lot of unhappiness their son had been undergoing because of his first wife.

"Susan must obviously have hated me all along. After all, I was her 'sautan,'" she says candidly.

"I didn't meet her for years — actually, till about ten years ago, when my husband died. It is a pity the mutual understanding we have arrived at now was not achieved during Akhtar's life-time. It would have given him tremendous joy. He was totally impartial to both his families in every respect except for his affection towards me. But that was understandable otherwise he wouldn't have tired of Susan in the first place," she explained.

For a second wife the problems to be overcome could very well be doubled, for not only does she take on a man "with a past," but often a house furnished by another woman, an income reduced by alimony and children who may see her as the proverbial wicked step-mother

The only thing Zainab misses now is money. "My children were born with not just a silver spoon but gold ones in their mouths. But now things are very difficult. I get a paltry sum of Rs. 900 from his business and I have to feed, clothe and educate all seven of us. The elder two girls have just started working, but what little they earn, teaching in a private school is not enough for more than the bare essentials. Me, I couldn't get back to work. Akhtar had spoiled me thoroughly. Earlier, before marriage, I was a modern, independent young girl, working as a secretary in a commercial house. After marriage and having embraced Islam, I practically went into 'purdah'. I couldn't step out of the house alone. So much so, that after leading this cloistered existence for 13 years, when I stepped out of the house on my own the first time after Akhtar's death, I literally fainted," says Zainab.

"I was worried about Akhtar's infidelity — or what I'd heard of it. But he was practically a one-woman man after he married me. Yes, it would hurt me every time he went across and spent a couple of days with Susan. I would tell him that the only thing I would not tolerate was his sleeping with her. But obviously he must have, because two more children were born to her after my marriage." Then, a bit hesitantly, she adds, "Of course, there were rumours that the youngest boy was not my husband's."

At this, the two oldest girls, who were sitting around, shouted out in unison, "No mummy, that's absolute rubbish. People just like to spread gossip and you want to believe this because it suits you. You know Imtiaz bhai looks just like Abba."

Akhtar had set up an independent establishment for Zainab, and although he was also financing Susan and her family, it didn't make any difference to either wife, as he was obviously doing well.

"He was very impartial. He'd take me for holidays and trips all over the country. Whenever he bought gifts for the children, it would be equally for **all** his children. He did offer to take Susan for a holiday a couple of times, but she would refuse."

Zainab continued, "It was only during the last few years of my husband's life that the children started getting close to each other. After his death, I took the first step towards a reconciliation. As the 'bone of contention' was not there, I felt there was no point in harbouring old hatred. I went and apologized to her. I realized how she must have felt being ousted from her rightful position."

Susan apparently broke down under the strain of years of pent-up grief and hatred — and all has been well since. They are like one big family now. The children call them **"bari ma" "choti ma"** respectively.

"It is like having two mothers at the helm of affairs. All decisions pertaining to jobs, marriages, or education are taken by both of us. The only strain is between Shehnaz (my oldest) and Susan. She keeps passing snide remarks to her like, "You all have snatched the food from my children's mouths" and so on. I wish she'd outgrow this jealousy. Otherwise, all else is well."

As further proof of her feeling of "oneness," she tells of the money she'd received from Akhtar's Life Insurance Policy. Zainab was named the sole nominee, but in all fairness she hadn't touched a penny of it and has willed it equally to her own and her step-children.

* * *

Anuradha and Arun married each other after a ten-year romance which went through the entire gamut of a broken affair, another marriage, and now the re-marriage.

"During one of our many 'splits,'" says Anu, "when we'd decided it was final, Arun went around with Kusum, a girl from Delhi, and after a six-month courtship, married her. I was very very hurt, because I still loved him. I drifted into a couple of affairs but nothing so serious so that I could consider marrying the guy. Meanwhile, I used to keep bumping into Arun and Kusum. That's very possible because Calcutta has a small social circle and everyone knows everyone else.

"From common friends I started hearing that he'd married on the rebound, to spite me. I genuinely wished he was happy. But then stories started spreading. She was drinking and smoking heavily. She had been working earlier, but had given that up. I often saw her at clubs, glued to the bar, and would feel sorry for Arun, sitting quietly and taking in the scene.

"One day I heard she'd walked out of the house and wiped him clean. He was out of town on tour and she'd packed up everything and left. I heard that all she'd left him was his clothes, bed, heavy furniture and, I suppose, his tooth brush.

"About a year later he contacted me. It was heavenly being with him again. We realized that we still loved each other tremendously. Then his divorce came through and a natural corollary to that was our marriage. My mother was against the marriage — but we went ahead anyway.

The first thing that hit me was the sparsely furnished flat. I knew he was doing very well, and also had some money from his family. But he has been paying nearly 40 per cent of his salary towards alimony. It is a very big financial drain on his salary. But there are no two ways. He has to continue paying it till she re-marries — and I don't see any signs of that in the near future. It's pathetic the way Kusum's life has been ruined. She has become an alcoholic and is also on drugs. I met her in Delhi over a year ago — just before we got married. Arun took her out to lunch. She was quite nice to me, probably because the divorce hadn't come through and I was just a girl-friend. Then I met her again a couple of months ago. And she was decidedly nasty to me, now that I was the wife," says Anu.

"Besides the alimony, there have been no other problems. Yes, I'm sleeping on the same beds they slept on, but they are very ornate pieces — part of his ancestral property — and I don't think Arun would like to get rid of them. Besides, I'm slowly changing other things. There is a lot to add, and hardly anything to change though," she adds laughing.

"I have never discussed the alimony issue with Arun. I don't think he'd like me to talk about it, and we've rarely discussed

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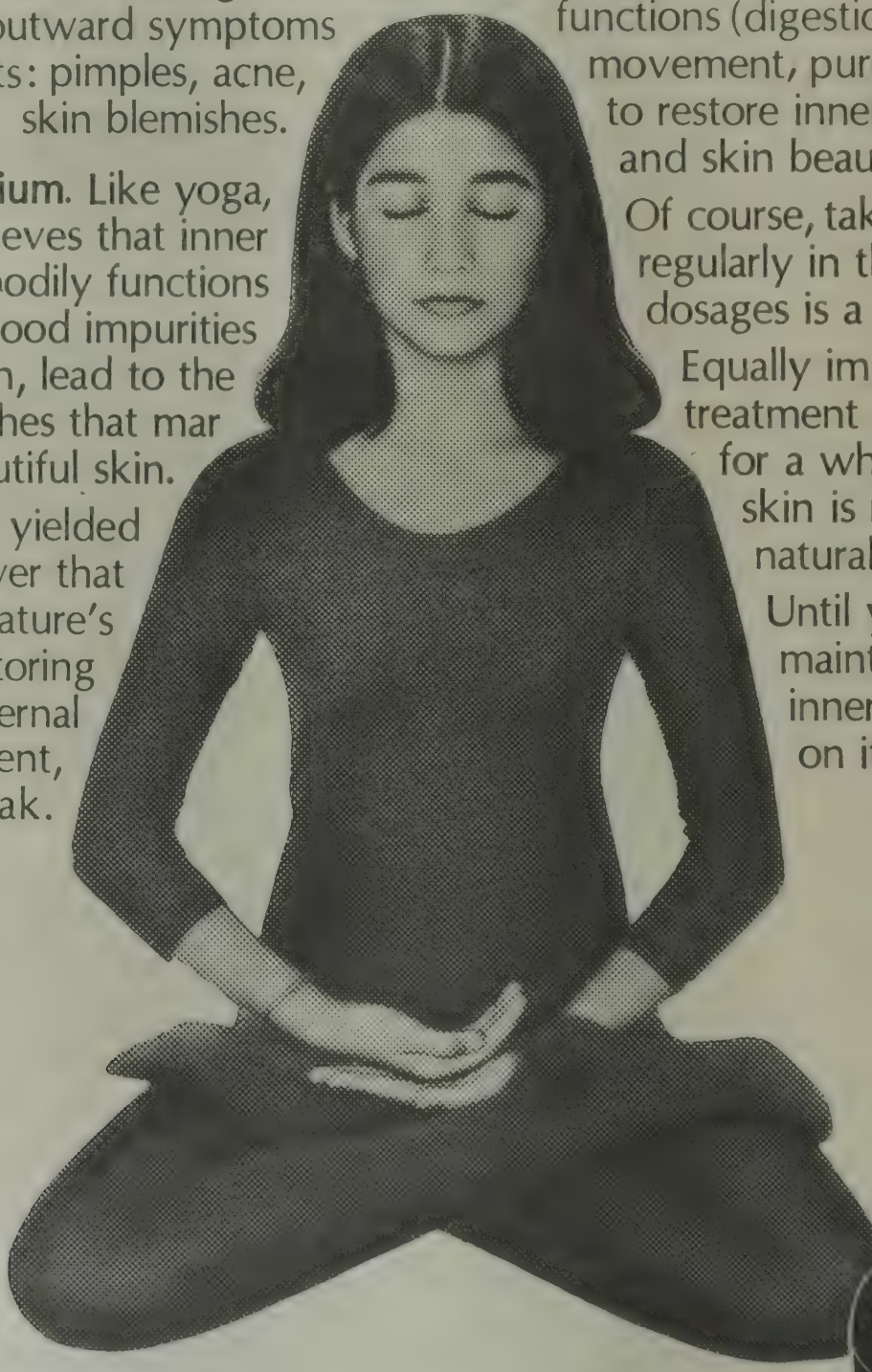

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THE SECOND WIFE

Kusum. It's just that we feel terribly sorry seeing her withering away so. She isn't working and her insecurity is getting the upper hand."

Arun and Kusum had no kids — so there is no problem on that score. Anu and Arun have a three-month-old son. "I plan to work as soon as he's a bit older. I'll have to, to help augment the finances as long as we have to continue paying alimony," she says.

"But I'm gloriously happy. The only regret I have is that we both wasted so many years — not having got married earlier — and all the misery Arun must have gone through while his marriage was cracking up. He's a wonderful guy and I couldn't have found a better person. My mother too, has grown very fond of him," says Anuradha.

* * *

Pushpa is a bright, lively and successful young executive who has never wanted for male admirers at any point in her life. Fortunately or unfortunately, she never met any man who was captivating enough to make her want to spend the rest of her life with him. Until Deepak came along, and she finally found someone whom she felt she could commit herself to marriage with. But, of course, there had to be a flaw. He was married.

Although Deepak and his wife had had a love marriage and were blissfully happy in the first few years, they soon settled down to a routine until, twelve years and three children later, there was not much life left in their marriage. They were just drifting along for want of something better to do. Then Deepak met Pushpa and decided to call a halt to the drift, get a divorce, and marry her.

"There's no end to the problems," says Pushpa. "Why I had to get myself into such a complicated and painful situation, I cannot imagine. Why do I always have to do things the difficult way?"

Among the relatively lesser problems that confront Pushpa are the fact that she'll be experiencing marriage and all that it involves with someone who has been through it all before. "He's been there before, and it won't be the same as sharing all the experiences for the first time together," she says.

Money will, of course, be a problem, with the alimony payments that will have to be made. But Pushpa is a woman of simple tastes and thinks they will somehow be able to manage with both of them working.

Her fears and apprehensions also centre around his children. "Deepak is a very fond father and I believe the kids are crazy about him. How will he feel about living away from them and seeing them only for a few hours at prescribed intervals? As they grow up, the children are bound to resent his leaving them and to resent me for having 'taken' him away'. They might even reject him. How will he cope with the hurt of that? Will he see me, years later, as the cause of it all?"

But one of her major concerns is for Deepak's wife, about how she will cope, what her life will be like. "I know no one will believe me if I tell them that I feel for her so much that I find myself thinking more about her and how her life will be affected than about our future together. What a responsibility it'll be for her — bringing up three children all alone. I really think it's unfair that she'll have to face all the shit that bringing up children can be, and Deepak (and I) will get to see them for a few hours when we can give them a nice time and have a nice time ourselves, without any responsibilities or duties — nothing to spoil it for us or them. I just hope she meets someone nice and has a happy life. I wish we could be friends — but that, I guess, would be difficult for her to even contemplate."

"The bitchiness and misunderstandings we are already beginning to experience are bad — I am, of course, the big, bad 'other woman' who's got this poor, nice guy in my clutches — but it is to be expected and faced. There's nothing we can do about it. It's more painful to think of the hurt all this is going to inflict on our parents, the children, Deepak's wife and, as a result, on ourselves. Honestly, if I could do it all again, I'd never allow myself to fall in love with a married man. But what's the use of saying that? I never dreamt I'd fall in love with a married man ever. And here I am!"

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

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AND WHO WANTS BARS ON ALL THE WINDOWS AND A STEEL FRONT DOOR?
OR A TEN-FOOT-DEEP TRENCH FULL OF WATER ALL AROUND THE WALL? EVEN WITHOUT THE SHARKS -
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
SO?
I HAD TO BRING HER.... SHE REFUSES TO STAY HOME ALONE AT NIGHT -

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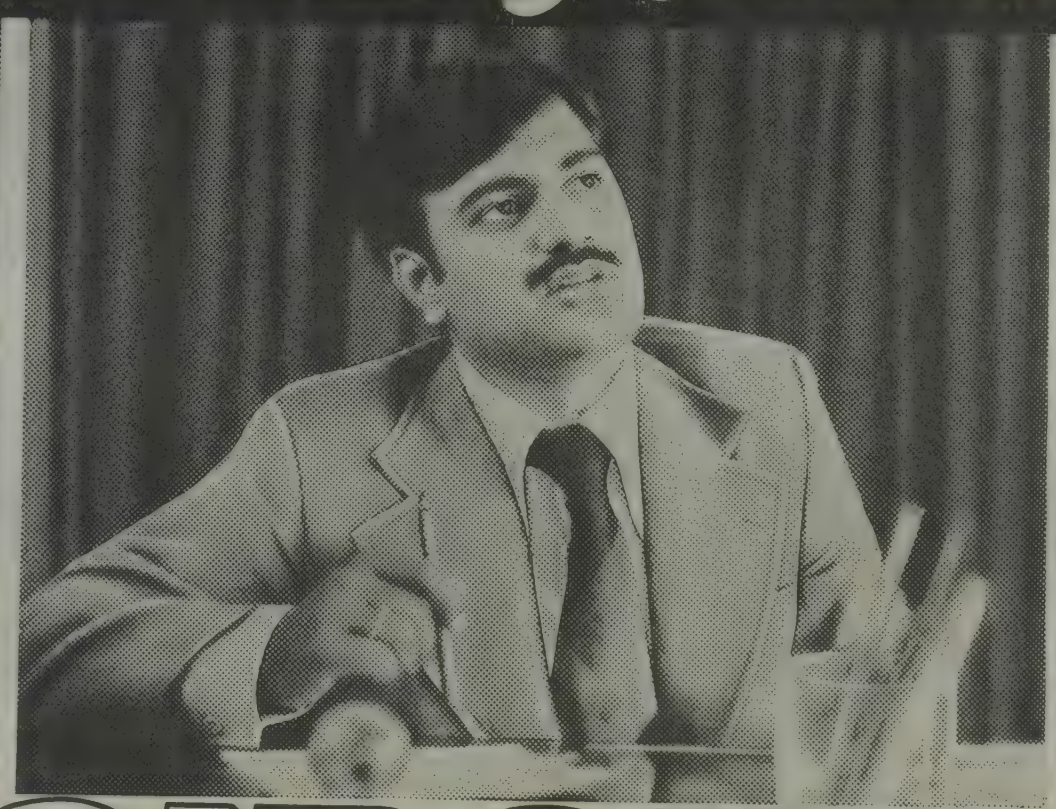

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ASP 55/782

a success story

Ipsita Roy Chakraverti

INDIAN restaurants abounded in London, but not in New York, when Shalini Chaturvedi first got the idea. She had migrated to America because she felt that life in India was dull and held no prospects for her. For instance, a husband did not seem to be forthcoming. Partly responsible for this was a massive girth and a foghorn of a voice. She had been a lecturer in English in Delhi and though her students rather admired these qualities, eligible bachelors didn't. Shalini had been left comfortably off by her father, who had been in the textile business. She had also inherited his astute head for business.

In New York, she changed her name to Sally and went around in a baggy salwar-kameez outfit, with large floral prints. Her cheeks were rouged pink and her finger nails painted a matching strawberry. She concocted an enormous chignon with tons of false hair. Sally looked striking, like an overweight opera singer.

She let the word go round that she was the runaway begum of a dissolute and now impoverished "nabob." The more impressionable Americans were told that she was planning to write a book on harem life in modern India. With this manufactured background, she set up a snack bar specializing in Indian kababs and kulfis, near Times Square. She had limited funds but she utilised what she had sagaciously. Done in chrome and glass with red silk upholstered chairs, the place had atmosphere, specially when Sally stood behind the counter, jingling her bangles and shouting instructions to the waiters in her full-throated bass. She had employed four Puerto Rican youths to help her run the establishment and she insisted that they dress up in baggy harem pants, sequined waistcoats, calypso shirts and red fez caps. I once asked her if that kind of uniform was necessary. It didn't seem to me to be particularly representative. But Sally just shrugged her massive shoulders and said sternly, "You've got no imagination. You're dull. You remind me of back home."

Sally sizzled the kababs herself behind the plate glass front window. A small crowd would gather to watch as she pinioned the cubes of meat and turned the skewers over the electric fire. She was very aware of her audience and would often look up and run her eyes over the faces in front of her. If one caught her fancy, she would smile, showing small, even white teeth and her dimples. Sally had once confided in me that she was on the look out for a rich American. She claimed that she could "smell money" a mile away.

I still remember the day she came to see me at my hotel. It was in May and it was a hot day for New York. Big drops of perspiration glistened on Sally's face. She leaned forward to wipe them away with the edge of her kameez. As she straightened up, the draught created by the movement, carried to me the combined odour of Chanel No. 5, sweat and hair oil. I offered her tea and asked her to spend the day with me.

"Have you nothing stronger than tea?" she asked.

She let the word go round that she was the runaway begum of a dissolute "nabob", and more impressionable Americans were told she was planning to write a book on harem life

"How about a martini?" I suggested.

"Rocky?"

"'Rocky'?" I was confused. "I'm afraid I don't know about that one."

"Well, that's what they call them, I think."

"You wouldn't be meaning 'on the rocks', would you?"

Shalini's large face broke into a thousand grins.

"That's what I'll have. One rocky."

One day, as Sally was chopping the garlic and onions for the kababs, she glanced up and caught sight of a shiny white ten-gallon hat, the kind she had seen in cowboy movies. She looked closer and found a plump, good-humoured, rather cherubic face under it. It was set on a surprisingly broad pair of shoulders, in a daffodil yellow silk shirt. Sally twitched her nose and sniffed more than kababs. She noticed that the cherub looked astonishingly like the man in her dreams and that he was munching a hot dog. He wore a brown and gold striped tie. But what really caught Sally's fancy was the platinum tie pin set with an enormous diamond.

She sent out one of the Puerto Rican boys to ask the gentleman in for a kabab and a kulfi. When the boy delivered his invitation, the gentleman tipped his hat in her direction and entered. Sally left the skewer and the grill for a while and joined him at one of the tiny tables for two. She exuded her own particular charm. She clapped her hands at the boys and ordered a "Kabab Special" for her guest. She plied him with kulfis and he slurped up every last spoonful. In between, she asked him ques-

Continued on page 19

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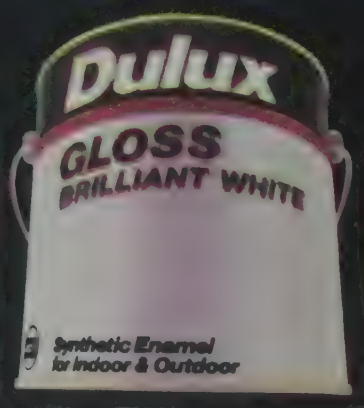

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

Kiyoko M., a leading beautician, will answer your beauty queries every fortnight in this column.

SAGGING NECK MUSCLES

I am 31. My neck muscles have started sagging. Please suggest a home remedy for this problem.

C. D. (Chandigarh)

Take white of two eggs and beat well till stiff. Then add a spoonful of honey to this and mix well. Smooth this paste over your neck and let it remain for 15 minutes. Rinse off with warm water followed by cold water. Do this every fortnight till you find an improvement.

AVOID STRONG LAXATIVES

I get constipated often and feel uneasy throughout the day when I don't have proper bowel motion. What laxative should I take? I have been taking some tablets but they are strong and make me feel weak.

M. M. (Calcutta)

FOR A SLENDER NECK

A healthy system must be free from waste matter and toxins therefore you should have a regular bowel action. Harsh laxatives will harm your system. Isabgol, available at any shop, is a natural laxative which is cheap and effective.

Dried fruits such as figs, currants, dates are often effective. Also leafy green vegetables because of their high bulk content.

Also you must take plenty of fluids — six or seven glasses of water every day.

RELAXING EXERCISES

Please suggest some exercises to relieve tired hands. Also one for relaxation which I could do sitting on a chair.

Z. V. (Bombay)

Soak your hands in a basin full of lukewarm water to which a tablespoon of salt has been added.

Move you hands around in circles — clockwise as well as anti-clockwise as many times as you can. Then shake them vigorously at the wrists. This will bring them relief.

Try this exercise for relaxation. Follow the breathing instructions carefully as they are an important part of the exercise.

Sit on the edge of a chair. Keep legs straight, heels on floor, toes pointed and arms up high. Slowly lean forward and reach for toes, then come back to sitting position. Exhale as you lean down, inhale as you straighten up. Do this three times.

A SUCCESS STORY

Continued from page 17

tions which were as oblique as she could make them. For instance, she asked him whether his wife would like to come in too. He replied he was a widower. Sally clucked her tongue in sympathy and heaped some more kababs on his plate. She asked him whether he lived in New York all the time. He replied that he did, when he was not looking after his ranch in Texas. She said that she loved horses. He replied he did too, but he didn't have much time for them there, because his business took up most of his time.

"I'm in oil," said the cherub.

Sally's face lit up like a hundred lamps at Diwali. She ordered a triple kulfi for him and one for herself. It had started to drizzle outside and she asked him whether he would have trouble getting home.

"Not really," he said, because the chauffeur was waiting with the car just around the corner. And anyhow, the Waldorf Astoria wasn't very far off from there.

Sally beamed at him. Her double chin quivered with satisfaction. She broke into a million dimples.

Reginald Vanstrom did not have much of a chance after that. Of course, what helped Shalini enormously was the fact that Reggie missed his mother. His wife had been never able to really take her place. Sally filled it superbly in every way. The elder Mrs. Vanstrom had been a huge and imposing figure of a woman, who carried well the corpulence that affluence had brought. She had rinsed her grey hair blue, and wore diamond earrings (the dangling type) and French perfume to bed. She had possessed impeccable manners at table and a smart Boston accent. She had been friendly with a few dozen Governors and some Senators. At least they all sent flowers when she died. Her father had made his money in canning sausages, but nobody remembered that anymore.

It seemed a lucky sign to Reggie that he should have met his second wife through kababs. After all, kababs seemed to be merely the eastern reincarnation of sausages. Just as perhaps, Sally was the elder Mrs. Vanstrom, reborn. The idea had seeped in after Sally had once suggested something to that effect. It was strange how the thought had taken root in Reggie's mind. It was to Sally's credit that she did not touch on the stumbling block that she must have been already born when Reggie's mother breathed her last. Or maybe she had her own particular explanation. The fact remained that Reggie caught himself trying to seize some elusive similarity in a look, a smile, a nod of the head. When she plied him with food, it seemed so much like what Mama used to do. He could hardly keep the tears back. When Sally patted his hand, he choked with emotion. When Reggie proposed, Sally accepted him and his millions in cash and shares, very kindly. She merely said that it wouldn't be becoming for her to sizzle kababs anymore. She promoted one of the Peurto Rican youths to that job behind the grill.

Once every week, usually on a Saturday, a black limousine would stop in front of the shop and a very portly and bejewelled Sally would step out. She swept into the front room and made for the bar. (She had had one installed after her marriage). Lifting a diamond studded finger, she ordered one "rocky" and sank back on a velvet sofa at the back of the shop.

Millions of minutes and several rockies later, Sally would get all misty eyed, and as she toyed with her empty glass, she would focus on the clients at the front of the shop. Sometimes she would fix her gaze on some young waif of a shop girl, out to get a bite before taking the next train back home, to some God forsaken suburb. Her tired eyes, cheap costume jewellery and bargain counter dress would hold Sally's attention. She would send her a slip, asking her to step over to the back. The girl would come, wary, hesitant and on the defensive. She would pause, round-eyed as she looked at the proprietress. But Sally would put out her hand with one engulfing gesture and draw her down beside her. The girl would glance around her, wondering if she had broken anything on the way in. Then Sally would order a double kulfi for her guest and after the briefest of introductions, would launch forth on her tale. She would start at the very beginning — the first years in New York, the loneliness, the struggles and the pitfalls. Then the poor shop girl would glance at her watch and be forced to hear about Sally's tenacity and grit and sense of purpose. The girl would miss her train, but would be promised a ride home in the black limousine. Sally needed an audience for whatever she did — be it skewering kababs or recollecting her past.

Somehow Sally always reminded me of Scherazade in "Arabian Nights". I am sure Scherazade must have possessed the same wit, the same charm, the same mastery of word and gesture. And as for beauty? Well, beauty lies in the eyes of the beholder.

IMAGES OF WOMEN

The influence of cinema on social behaviour is undeniable. The images of women perpetuated in films therefore gives cause for grave concern. A periodical look at the portrayal of women in Indian cinema.

THE "LIBERATED" HEROINE:

OLD WINE IN

Shoba Sadagopan

It looks like the women's movement has had its impact on commercial Hindi cinema though not always in the sense one would want it to. Instead of the "sati-savitri" and vamp stereotypes we are all familiar with, we find on the screen a new brand of determined, independent-minded young women who exist in their own right, and not as mere foils to the muscle-flexing, macho heroes (**Qurbani** excepted). But this sudden wave of films about women which has come in the wake of **Khubsoorat** needs a closer look, for what appears new is often far more insidious than the straight stuff. And sure enough, a lot of it is old wine in new bottles labelled "Women's Lib".

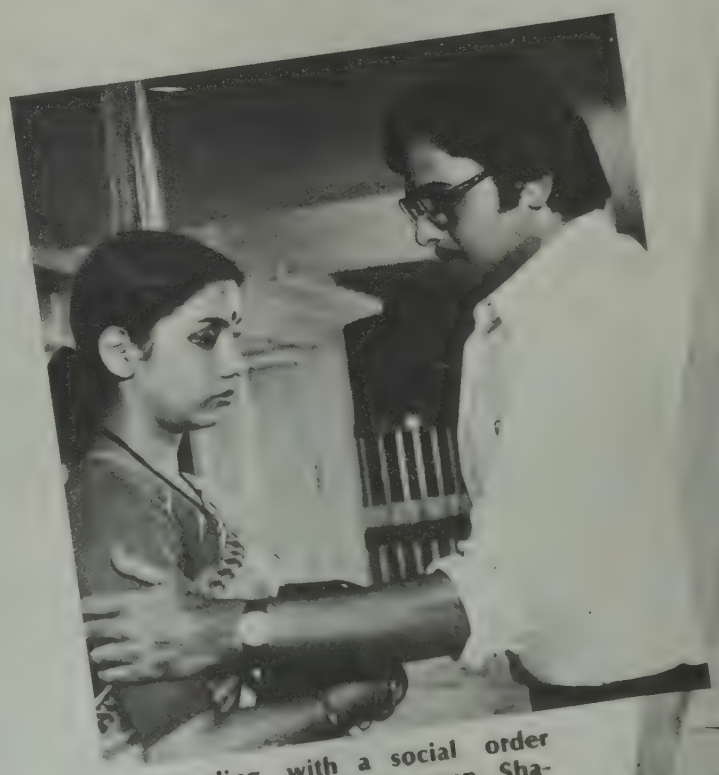
The latest and most dangerous is **Agreement** directed by Anil Ganguly, screenplay by S. Shailej. Ostensibly a light-hearted take-off on women's lib, the real message is that these high falutin' ideas simply don't work, apart from being totally alien to our "tradition". **Agreement** is the story of a liberated lady (Rekha) — foreign-returned, of course — who is determined to put her theories on women's lib into practice. So, as soon as she takes over her uncle's factory, she puts an ad. in the newspaper for a husband who will perform all the duties of an Indian wife. Whereupon her doting "unkal", to save the family's honour, persuades the son of one of his best clients to apply and accept all the conditions, thus pre-empting any would-be opportunists from preying on his naive but "ziddi" (obstinate) niece. For what else is women's lib about, if not "zid"? The foreign-returned heroine struts about factory and home in pant-suits (in case it hasn't registered with the audience that she's trying to wear the pants), ordering everyone about, especially the meek, "bhola" (naive) husband (Shailendra Singh) who has entered into the "agreement" (a written document) out of financial necessity. The terms of the agreement are outlined in a contract which specifies, among other things, that the man shall bear the woman's name, cook the meals, entertain the guests etc. Of course, the marriage is not to be consummated, (minimum distance between husband and wife in public, one foot; in private six feet). no doubt because the woman exercising the conjugal right on the "suhaag raat" would be too ose for the Indian audience, besides being inconvenient for the denouement, which is, naturally, a return to traditional Indian values.

The unfolding of the plot is a series of "clever" moves dreamed up by "unkal" and husband to prove **reductio ad absurdum** that women's lib is nothing but a whim of spoilt, westernised misses (the women's lib club in the film is composed of vamps in mini-skirts who hold cookery competitions when they're not seducing each other's husbands). The agreement falls apart after the hero has rescued his wife from the clutches of the villain and is goaded into saying "Lakhon men bhi aadmi apna izzat ko bacha sakta hai, lekhin akele ke samne men bhi aurat apni aabroo ko bacha nahi sakti hai," (a man can defend his honour against the multitude, but a woman can't do so against a single man). The heroine recognises the folly of her ideas and voluntarily accepts her fate as the ideal Hindustani "stree" — passive, homely and submissive (and sari-clad, of course!) **Agreement** could have been subtitled "The Taming of the Shrew".

On the other hand, Dasari Narayan Rao's **Yeh Kaisa Insaaf?** (dialogues by A. Mansoor) shows a surprisingly sympathetic understanding of what women's emancipation is about. Though totally without any aesthetic pretentions whatsoever the film comes to grips with a very real problem that many women face: that of the working woman who marries and who has to confront the double standards which prevail in society with regard to women. The heroine (convincingly portrayed by Shabana Azmi, given the limited scope of the film) works in order to support her mother, brother, and maid-servant's son. She reluctantly enters marriage, knowing that by existing social norms, she will not be allowed to continue supporting her family **and** be a "good wife". Despite her husband's assurances, this is exactly what happens. Her earning capacity is seen as a dowry, and her salary is claimed by the family she marries into. As things deteriorate, she is finally pressurised into choosing between her family and her husband (Vinod Mehra).

It is at this point that she launches into a diatribe against society and a justice which is tilted in favour of men. When a man looks after his family, he is merely doing his duty, but when a woman does so, she is violating social norms. In answer to her question, "Yeh kaisa insaaf?" (What justice is this?), the husband angrily states "Jo meri marzi hai wohi insaaf hai" (Justice is what pleases me) and promptly throws her out, keeping their daughter with him.

Things don't end there however. By means of an intricate plot and much meta-



Dealing with a social order that is unfair to women. Shabana Azmi and Vinod Mehra in "Yeh Kaisa Insaaf?"

phor (with disregard to subtlety or probability) the injustice of it all is brought home to the husband. He is made a victim of his own double standards when, years later, his working daughter (on whom he is financially dependent) is forced into a similar choice by her husband (who turns out to be the "naukrani's" son). The daughter opts for her husband — explaining with heavy irony — that as an ideal Hindu wife, she has to submit to her husband's will, and what would society think of her if she abandoned him to support her father and family? The film ends with a repentant Vinod Mehra forgiven by an ageing Shabana Azmi. She does touch his feet after all, but this is a mere gesture, as is the fact that she forgives him. A film must have an happy ending, and a "good" woman must be perfect— the ultimate in generosity.

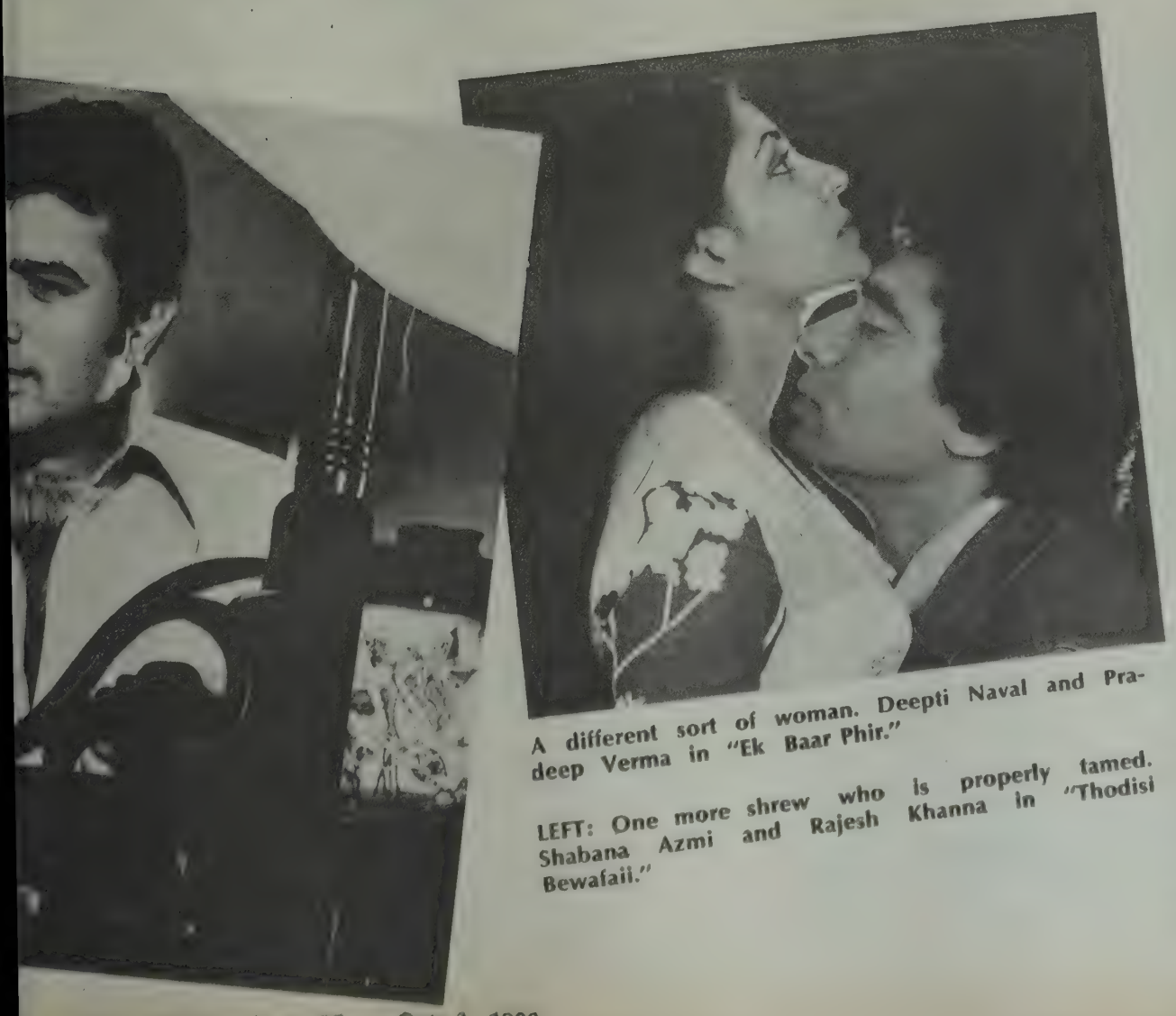
What is far more significant is the interpretation of the Ram-Sita analogy. As Vinod Mehra walks away, properly abashed, the sound track erupts with a plea to Sita to recall Ram who had made her life a vale of tears. Without any irreverence, the film succeeds in looking at the Ram-Sita relationship from Sita's stand-point — no mean achievement. The husband is not quite the villain, but is painted fairly black by the mere fact that he exercises the privileges that society bestows on him. He is not a scheming villain, but part of a social order that is unfair to women.

On the other hand, **Thodisi Bewafaii** written and directed by Esmayeel Shroff makes no attempt at understanding the social or even psychological basis of marital rifts. The film begins promisingly enough, with a flashback from the divorce (legal separation actually) to the love-and-marriage which preceded it. But instead of going into the reasons for the estrangement (as the title hints), it shows us a man wronged by a "ziddi" woman (again?!). The spoilt daughter (Shabana Azmi) of a rich Income Tax officer (!) (Sreeram Lagoo) cannot cope with the sudden descent from riches to rags which her husband braves with fortitude (Rajesh Khanna, appropriately cast as the ever-smiling, goody-goody husband). She cannot adjust to living at close quarters with her husband's step-mother and sisters, refuses to part with her jewels to ease the financial situation (something which she does later for her brother, after the separation). In fact right through she is the case of all the misfortune that befalls our hero — the newly-wed son of a jeweller, he is so lost in his visions of his wife that he breaks a priceless diamond, thereby provoking the financial disaster. She is so lacking in understanding that he has to weep on the shoulder of his music teacher's daughter. This beautiful friendship is misunderstood by our heroine, who, without asking for an explanation, uses it as an excuse for legal separation.

Even after the separation, when appropriately punished by having to face a situation of poverty, she is incapable of fending for herself. Having pawned her jewels to pay for her brother's education abroad, she is unable to send her son to college. Her brothers are ungrateful and grudging in their help and it doesn't occur to her to acquire some sort of profession. Her fate is clearly intended as an example of what befalls a woman who dares leave her husband. It is only because her son has an accident (and the inevitable operation) that she and her husband come together again. A once-again prosperous and magnanimous Rajesh Khanna forgives her, and she acknowledges her lack of trust as being the cause of their estrangement. **Thodisi Bewafaii** is more a tear-jerker which uses divorce as a pretext for the tears than a film about "bewafaii." The years of separation are seen as a sort of penance for "zid". Here is one more shrew who is properly tamed.

The heroine of **Ek Baar Phir,** written and directed by Vinod Pande, is no shrew, nor is she the generous mother-figure of **Yeh Kaisa Insaaf?** One expects something different in this film in which a woman leaves her husband, something quite unusual in a Hindi film. But we have instead a dithering nincompoop. Of course, a woman about to leave her husband might have a number of motives each inseparable from the other. But instead of showing the conflict within such a woman, **Ek Baar Phir** wavers uncertainly between aesthetic pretension and trite romance. There is, of course, the eternal triangle, the woman having to choose between the boorish and philandering husband, and the "sensitive" artist. But there is not enough of a co-relation between the husband's boorishness and the artist's sensitivity for there to be a real conflict. The two men exist separately in her life. One would have thought it natural for a woman with a cad for a husband to talk about it to her lover. Instead we have a romantic idyll, with the husband conveniently in Switzerland. When her artist asks her to leave her husband, she refuses, telling herself that her place is with her husband. But when her irate and vicious husband peremptorily summons her back to Bombay, she decides to leave him, and walks straight into the arms of her artist. Her attitude to men is shown (at least the audience perceives it as such) to be negative; she rejects one man only to go to the other. Nowhere is she independent or positive. The result is that the novelty of the type of woman she is, is quite lost on the audience. The fact that she sleeps with her lover titillates, and the public waits more in the expectancy of a torrid love-scene than in the outcome of the affair. **Ek Baar Phir,** in its attempt to be different, falls between two stools. Still, one must consider it progressive in the long run, for having shown a different sort of woman making a somewhat unconventional decision. One only wishes it were a more convincing and less tedious film.

NEW BOTTLES



A different sort of woman. Deepti Naval and Pradeep Verma in "Ek Baar Phir."

LEFT: One more shrew who is properly tamed. Shabana Azmi and Rajesh Khanna in "Thodisi Bewafaii."

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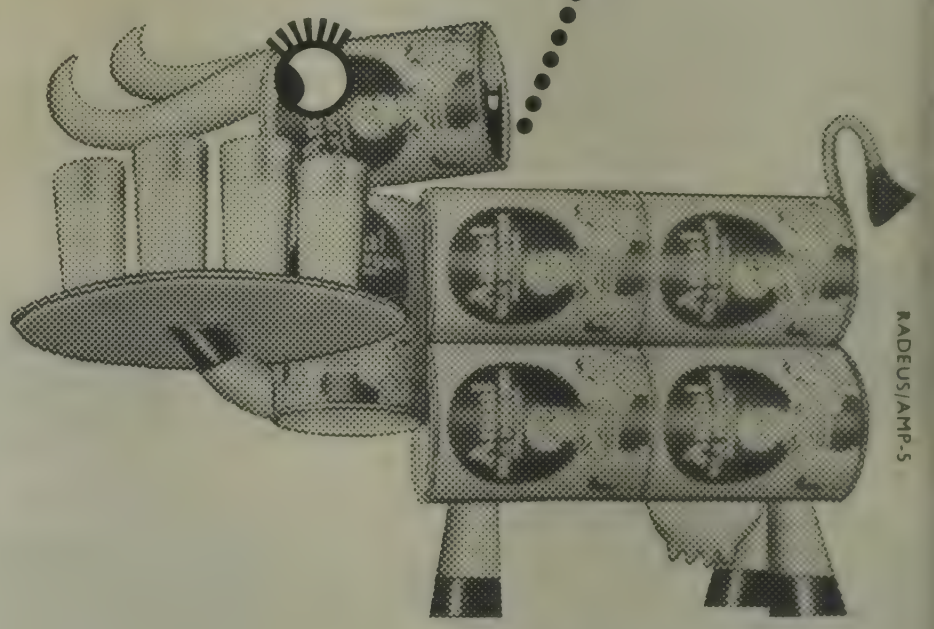

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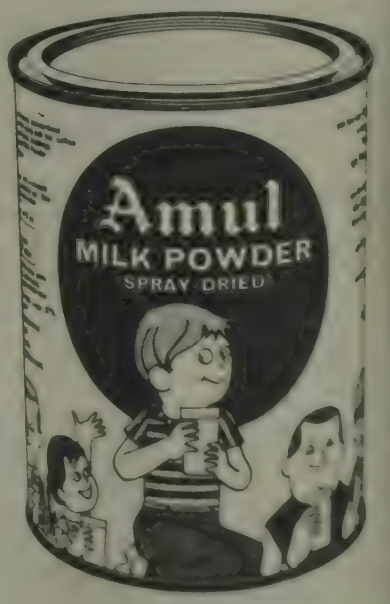

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RICH IN COLOUR... WARM IN TEXTURE

A cardigan for casual wear — sure to prove a hot favourite

MATERIALS

Raymond's knitting yarn Diamond King 4 ply: 13 balls Magenta 208, 1 ball each White and Black (25 grams each). A pair of knitting needles No. 12 and No. 10, a set of No. 10 needles, and a crochet hook No. 14.

MEASUREMENTS

Bust 81.5 cms., length 54 cms.

TENSION

7½ sts. and 9½ rows to 2.5 cms. measured over st. st. on No. 10 needles.

ABBREVIATIONS

C. 6. B. = slip next 3 sts. on cable needle to back of work, k. 3, then k. 3 sts. from cable needle; C. 6. F. = slip next 3 sts. on cable needle to front of work k. 3, then k. 3 sts. from cable needle; y. fwd. = yarn forward; tbl. = through back of loop; tog. = together; k. = knit; p. = purl; inc. = increase; dec. = decrease; sl. = slip; p.s.s.o. = pass the slip stitch over; rep. = repeat; y.r.n. = yarn round needle; sts. = stitches; beg. — beginning; alt. = alternate.

BACK

INSTRUCTIONS

Worked side ways (starting from the sleeve). With No. 12 needles, cast on 38 sts. and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 7 cms. Inc. in the last row as follows: rib 7 * inc. in the next st. rep. from * to last 7 sts., k. 7 (58 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and pattern as follows:

1st row: k. 1, * y. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., y. fwd., k. 1 * rep. from * to * till last st. remains, k. 1.

2nd row: P.

Rep. these 2 rows of pattern till work measures 47 cms.

Next row: Cast on 80 sts. at the beg. of a right side row and work these sts. into pattern as above.

Continue in pattern till work measures 42 cms. measured from the cast on edge of 80 sts. Cast off 80 sts. on the same side of the work and continue to work on 58 sts. and complete the other sleeve to match first sleeve (work rib at the end after dec. 20 sts.). Cast off in rib.

FRONT

With No. 12 needles, cast on 38 sts. and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 7 cms. Inc. 21 sts. in the last row (59 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and work pattern as follows:

1st row: K. 1 * y.fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 1 * rep. from * to * once more. K. 1, k. 2 tog. tbl., y.fwd., k. 12, (y.fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 1) 4 times, k. 1.

2nd and every alt. row: P. 29, k. 1, P. 2 tog., y.r.n., p. 11, k. 1, p. to end.

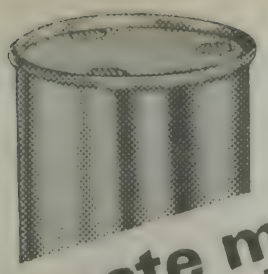
3rd row: k. 1 * y. fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 1. p.s.s.o., y. fwd., k. 1 * rep. from * to * once more, k. 1, k. 2 tog. tbl., y.fwd., k. 3, C. 6. F., k. 3, (y.fwd. k. 2 tog., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o. y.fwd., k. 1) 4 times, k. 1.

5th row: As 1st row.

7th row: K. 1 * y.fwd., k. 2 tog., k. 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 1. rep. to * once more, k. 1, k. 2 tog. tbl., y. fwd., C. 6. B., k. 6 (y.fwd., k. 2 tog., k 2, sl. 1, k. 1, p.s.s.o., y.fwd., k. 1) 4 times, k. 1.

8th row: As 2nd row.

These 8 rows form the pattern. Rep. pattern till sleeve matches back sleeve. Inc. sts. at the end of a right side row as for back and keeping continuity of pat-



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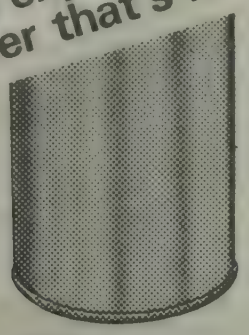

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Announcing
INDUSTRIAL TIMES

SEPTEMBER 22, 1980

BUMPER NUMBER ON EASTERN INDIA

IN THE SHADOW OF POWER SHORTAGE

Power, the crucial ingredient in the package of infrastructure support to industry, has been the major hurdle in the industrial progress of the Eastern Region. To make matters worse, the states in question now find themselves saddled with coal shortage and transport bottlenecks — particularly of wagon and diesel supplies.

The Editor makes an on-the-spot study of industrial projects afflicted in the public and private sectors. Topmost entrepreneurs interviewed include: **S. D. Singh,** Managing Director, Indian Oxygen Ltd; **D. R. Ahuja,** Managing Director, IISCO Ltd; **P. C. Laha,** Acting Chairman and Managing Director, MECON, etc.

WHAT THE LEFT-FRONT GOVERNMENT HAS DONE

Exclusive interview with
Dr. Kanailal Bhattacharya,
Minister of Industries, West Bengal.

BOKARO'S MULTIPLIER IMPACT

The Editor interviews **T. T. Joseph,** Project Manager, and **M. F. Mehta,** General Superintendent

Authoritative articles from Government officials and entrepreneurs will also be presented.

Rush Now For Your Copy Of

INDUSTRIAL TIMES

A FIRST IN FORESTRY

This year three girls broke the male stronghold of the 600 strong cadre of the Indian Forest Service, when they joined the I.F.S. College, Dehra Dun, in April. Everybody was unanimous in the opinion that the girls had come to pass time before they found white-collar jobs or good husbands, whichever came earlier. "They are guests," said all the cynics.

But four months after their arrival they are still going strong, and not one of them intends leaving. "We are not even preparing for the I.A.S. though most of our batchmates are," says Ramalaxmi, a 25-year-old Botanist from Visakhapatnam. She was a lecturer in Botany before coming to the I.F.S. "In fact I left an easy job to seek adventure," she said.

The other two entrants are Iqbal Sultana and Veena Sekhri. Iqbal Sultana, 26, comes from Baroda, and is the eldest of three sisters.

"Don't you get preferential treatment, being the first women foresters?" I asked.

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Why should we get preferential treatment at all? We are not weaker than the others."

In their two years of training at Dehra Dun, I.F.S. probationers are taught forestry ab initio, from cutting trees, to managing wildlife. To give them a feel of the life to come they are made to pitch their own tents in the wilderness and to live with minimum facilities.

In their four months of training at the College, the girls have already been through two of the toughest camps in their entire training.

"Don't you find the life tough?" I asked Sultana.

"Tough, it is, but I have learnt to beat toughness," she says as she looks at the blisters on her hands. (She had just returned from a tour.)

"And these blisters?"

"They come and go, they are a part of our life."

For Sultana, the change from handling fragile test tubes in her lab to handling monster trees is bound to cause blisters, and much more, I concluded.

Iqbal Sultana

The third lady probationer is Veena Sekhri, a 24-year-old postgraduate in Botany from Delhi University. She had never thought of the forest service as a career. No one in her family had ever had even a remote connection with forestry.

"In fact, I was preparing for the I.A.S., but landed in the I.F.S. And I have no regrets about it."

"Do you think you will be successful in your new job?" I enquired.

"Oh yes! In our Himachal tour we were made to cut a 90-year-old kail tree in a particular direction. Ours was the only tree which fell in the right direction," she said.

All the three strongly feel that forestry is an interesting and challenging career for girls.

"After all, girls have been managing wild crowds as police officers, sensitive affairs as diplomats and large undertakings as I.A.S. officers. Then why can't they manage the calm, and uncomplaining forests which are much more docile, anyway?" they said.

It is only wrong concepts and an unnecessary fear of the forests that keeps people away from them. The forest service can be a promising avenue for employment in the years to come, for, as far as adventure, peace and satisfaction goes, the job has no equals.

Satinder Singh Sandhu

C. Ramalaxmi

Veena Sekhri

RICH IN COLOUR... WARM IN TEXTURE

tern, continue till work measures 60 cms.

Shape neck: With right side of work facing.

Cast off 5 sts., pattern to end. Now dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next 6 rows then dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every alt. row till 118 sts. remain. Then continue straight till work matches centre of back.

Complete the remaining half of the front to match first half (inc. sts. for neck where previously dec.) End at the other sleeve as for back.

TO MAKE UP

Press work with a warm iron over a damp cloth.

Waist ribbing (front and back alike): With right side facing, and using No. 12 needles start at lower right side edge of front, pick up and k. 110 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 10 cms.

Cast off in rib.

Join side, shoulder and sleeve seams.

Neck band: With right side of work facing and using a set of No. 10 needles, start at top of left shoulder, pick and k 22 sts. down left side of neck, 12 sts. from centre of front, 22 sts. up right side of neck, 48 sts. from back (104 sts.).

Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 8 rows. Cast off in rib.

Decorative Borders: Above front ribbing, work with crochet hook in chain stitch * with Black yarn, into open pattern stripe working as shown in Diagram A from one side seam to the other. Miss next open pattern stripe

Diagram A

and work into the following stripe with White yarn working as shown in Diagram B. * Miss

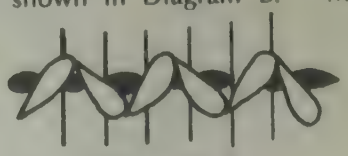

Diagram B

the next stripe and continue to work from * to * twice more. Then work into each of the following 3 stripes alt. in Black, White and Black and these last 3 borders are extended on to each of the sleeves.

Arnavaz Dhondy

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A few metres ahead..

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TRYST

V. Jayant Ramakrishnan

IT is raining. It always rains in the month of Phagun, grandmother used to say. So I cannot go and play marbles with my friends on the road after my work is over. But even when the weather is fine and my work is over and I can play outside, memsaab often calls me when she has visitors, to clean cups, saucers and plates. So while my friends play outside, I have to scrub vessels. I wish I also had such a big house to live in. My whole house is not even as big as a room here. I live in the slums

I started working in this house the day after my grandmother's death. Previously she used to wash vessels here. Now they have kept me as a full-time servant. I don't mind. I have to work even if I stay at home, and at least the food is good here.

They have a young daughter, Kamala by name. I think they are searching for a groom for her. I think so because so many times lots of people come to see her. And what a problem for me, washing all that crockery! So on those days I have to miss my games of marbles. I think all this is silly. If I want to marry someone, I will do it quietly. Why do these grown-ups have all these tea parties? And finally the young man doesn't come to this house again. If only I could also do that! Just imagine how often I can eat sweets and bondas and dosais!

And Kamala is quite pretty, too. So why isn't she married? Why do these young men come, not only young men, but a horde of relatives also with them, eat all the sweets and then just go away? Why, that girl next to my hut got married as soon as she started wearing a saree and now she has got two kids also. I remember how I ran about during her marriage. Oh, what fun it was, and I got such good food the whole day.

Today again, someone is coming to see Kamala. I can sense it easily. The crockery has been washed and is arranged on the table and memsaab is making bajjis, upma and sweets. Lots of people come every time and in no time the sweets disappear. The young lady dresses up in silk sarees for these occasions. And she makes herself very pretty too, as if somebody is coming to buy her. But they don't. They all eat, look at her, and go away.

Let's see who the man is today. There they come in a taxi. And that is the man, the one who got down first. He looks like the villain in a Hindi film with his terrifying moustache. You may wonder how I could see a Hindi film. I have not seen one, but the posters are stuck on the wall of our house. So I keep seeing the villain day in and day out.

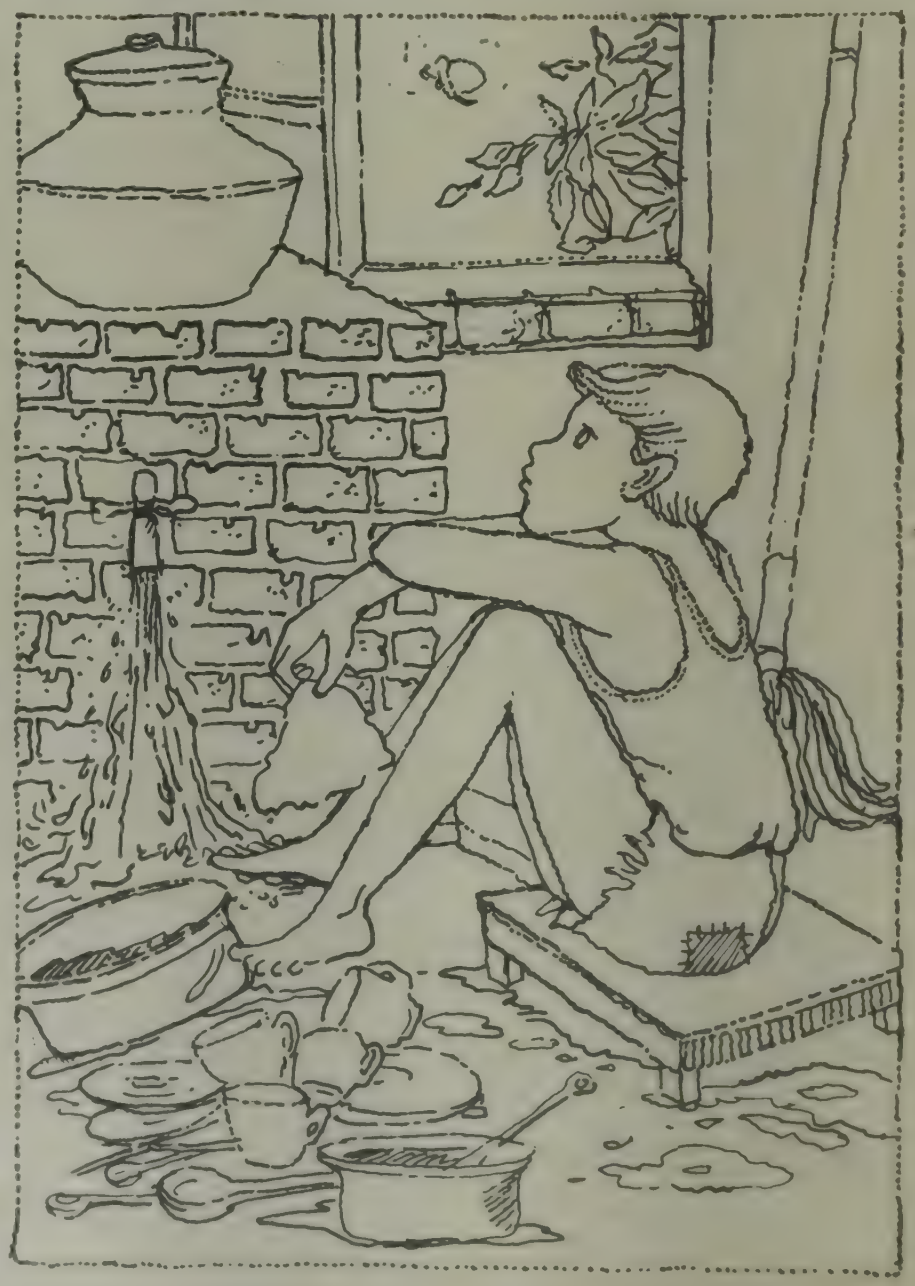
His parents and relations have got down. Saab and memsaab, both dressed very nicely, receive them with smiles and namastes. They enter the drawing room and take their seats. Kamala too enters the drawing room and sits near the young man. They all look at her — again as if they are going to buy her, as if she is a cow for sale.

Memsaab presses the sweets on them and they eat heartily. At this rate there will be nothing left for me.

Kamala and the villain talk a little and the party is coming to an end. Now my dirty job will begin — washing the crockery. But wait, the villain is saying something to his father. What, the girl is not fair enough? Definitely Kamala is fairer than anyone else in the neighbourhood. I feel she is too good for him. But always I have seen, even if you are like a villain, you get a pretty wife, and money too. Why, that rowdy Ramu, at whose house my mother works, has neither brains nor looks. But look at his wife and the money her father gave him? He is living like a king now.

I wondered why marriages should be so important for girls and why even such a good looking girl like Kamala has to pay somebody to marry her

Now Kamala's father is pleading with the villain's like my father pleads with the constable when caught riding his cycle without a light. The villain and his father say "no" and walk out. Kamala's parents sit down on the sofa, looking sad and also angry, and her father says, "But where can I find a lakh of rupees?" So one must give money along with the daughter? So it was not the villain buying Kamala; Kamala's father was buying the villain! Why are parents so foolish?



Well, I am a boy and it looks like I too can demand money when I grow up and want to marry. Probably, that was why there were celebrations when a boy was born near my house. The ways of grown-ups seem very strange indeed. Girls too are children, aren't they? They send girls to colleges too, but still have to pay money to the boy's father to marry the girls. It looks like the auction they have in the market place on Sunday. A man shows a cloth and people shout prices and he suddenly says, "Going... going ...gone..."

I have been dreaming too long and memsaab is hollering for me. Everyone else is quiet in the house. I keep washing the plates and I think I hear someone weeping. But what is there to weep? Tomorrow some nice boy may come and take her. I only weep when someone robs me of my marbles. What is there to weep about when you have a nice bed to sleep on and when you get good food every day? I don't weep even when anyone hits me or dies.

I can't understand grown-ups. That sweeper woman in our colony always used to yell at her husband, and how much she cried when he died! These adults, I tell you, are funny people. Kamala is still sobbing and I go to talk to her. She gives me a few left-over sweets. So nice of her to think of me when she is so sad. So I tell her not to cry and she says that I won't understand these things now. I tell her about my dreams about my wedding, about how much money I'll take. She laughs at me, grows serious and stares vacantly into space and says, "When will it end?" I am puzzled and ask, "What will end?" Instead of answering, she gives me a 25-paise coin and off I run to buy marbles.

But I wonder why marriages should be so important for girls and why even such a good looking one as Kamala has to pay somebody to marry her. She is educated, she is a good girl. Why should any young man ask for money to marry her? These grown-ups! I'll never understand them.

WOMEN IN FOCUS

SOM TIWARI

A LOVE OF MUSIC

Som Tiwari is a multifaceted personality. Not only is she an established singer, a scholar-musician, who has contributed articles on art and music to various journals, but she is also the founder of an academy, a producer of plays, and an energetic social worker.

Som has always been very fond of music as far back as she can remember. As a child while still in school in Lucknow she submitted a story for the then popular radio programme "Geeton bhari Kahani". She made up a story strung with songs and when it was accepted, she was also asked to sing for it. This was her maiden broadcast at the age of thirteen.

She yearned to have formal training in music but she met with such stiff opposition from her father, that it was only after his death that she began to learn from a teacher.

Her training proved abortive however, for marriage brought about four to five years of silence when she totally refrained from singing. Until the magical night when she heard Pandit Mani Ram of the "Mewati Gharana". She at once felt that this was the man who would be her Guru. The chance settlement of Pandit Mani Ram right next to her house in Calcutta proved to be the turning point and she immersed herself in music with a fervour that made up for lost time.

Since then, Som has given performances all over India and on the radio. She has also broadcast on the B.B.C.

In Calcutta where she has spent a major portion of her adult life, she founded the Sangeet Shyamala in 1952. This was an academy of classical music, dance and painting. Begun with

a handful of students this small institution has now developed into a full-fledged school with facilities for teaching vocal and instrumental music, both classical as well as light. An Arts and Crafts Department was added in 1955.

Som has helped to produce many of the plays and was also able to give a few refreshing touches to theatre art. During her visit to the Continent she was inspired by the operas and musical comedies and tried to incorporate them in her plays. Her presentation of Tagore's very popular "Kshudita Pashan" as a dance drama in Hindi proved a great success.

Now a resident of Delhi she still misses Calcutta which she feels is a much more intense place. In Delhi she finds she has less time to devote to art as so much of her time is taken up by meeting people, and doing social work. No matter how busy the schedule, there is one thing she never forgoes, and that is her regular practice of singing. She finds early morning the ideal time for practice, and she also gives occasional performances. A select number of students come for music classes at her residence and she is always willing to teach or help out anyone truly dedicated to music.

Her plans for the future centre around her first love — music. She wants to open a branch of Sangeet Shyamala in Delhi, and feels slightly frustrated at the hassles and red tape that is inevitably involved in starting any institution.

She was once the active Secretary of the National Council for Women in India and began a branch in Jaipur. She was also the President of the Calcutta Cosmopolitan Club, and says that she would like to devote more of her time to social work.

Malati Jaikumar

YOU'RE NOT A SUPERWOMAN!

One of the first things one learns, is to let go. If the cleaning woman hasn't come and the house is unswept, it doesn't matter. The house won't collapse if it remains unswept for a day or two. It is perhaps more important to accept the fact that you cannot do everything. You are not, in fact, a superwoman and, of you are to have peace of mind, is it really so important to **be** a superwoman? Being content and being peaceful is surely more important. And, contentment comes from being able to cope with the lifestyle you have chosen. If you have decided to work outside the home, and still have a home to take care of, it is neccessary to keep your housewifely instincts and desires within the bounds of what is suited to your time and capacity.

When there is limited time and lots to do, it helps to have a schedule. Servants are a help, perhaps a necessity, when children are involved, but if you haven't any children, managing is quite possible without any servants at all.

To begin with, design you schedule to suit your needs. Is there time to wash clothes in the morning? Do it. If not, let the clothes pile up and spend all of Saturday morning in one soapy, scrubbing binge. Maybe it's worth exploring the economics of buying a washing machine. Is there time to sweep and mop? Does it have to be done everyday? If your house is locked up most of the day, won't sweeping twice a week be adequate?

Washing and cleaning are perhaps the major chores in any household. If you can get a part time person who'll do this for you, the rest of it becomes much easier.

Allocate tasks. Let your husband have specific jobs to do, depending on his time and inclination. Will he wash his own clothes? Make the bed? Shop? Talk it over, let him be responsible for some of the running of the house. Then, plan your own day. Use your lunch break or your bus ride to and from work to plan shopping lists and menus. Keep an eye open for quick simple recipes — you'd be surprised how many there are — meat dishes that don't need ground masalas, vegetables that aren't too complicated to prepare. And, learn to cook in bulk. The old prejudice of "baasi" should have gone out with the advent of the fridge, but it often lurks in the most modern person. Boiled spinach lasts for several days and can be used for soup, souffle, palak panir, and casseroles on different days. It's nutritious, too. Brown a kilo of kheema. Make it into a curry, a pizza, a pie and cutlets. Use other leftovers to make clever new dishes.

It also helps to rethink food and eating habits. The old system of tea and dinner went well with a leisurely, more gracious existence. When you come home tired from work (having probably drunk innumerable cups of tea and coffee through the day), doesn't it make sense to use your time in getting dinner cooked instead of messing about with tea and nutritiously useless snacks? If you have an early, seven o'clock dinner, you're free for the rest of the evening to go visiting, to chat, to read, to do exactly what you want to. If you've planned your menu in the bus, you can shop on your way home and then get straight into cooking dinner. Once dinner's ready, you can bathe and change and relax! Do the dishes at night if you want, let your husband do them if he likes or, if you want to leave them soaking till the next morning, why not? Work out a system that suits you, not your preconceived idea of how an efficient household should be run. After all, there are no precedents to follow. Each person or couple's style of living must evolve its own functioning to be comfortable for the people involved. We are in a transitory period of change, homes are changing, lifestyles are being created. If you can't spend all day looking after your house, and you don't have servant to do it for you, it makes sense to tailor your day to meet your needs.

Monisha Bob

Most of us fancy light, easy-going clothes for the warm weather — nice for casual wear during the day but sophisticated enough for get-togethers too. Printed in cool and fresh colours with orient-influenced designs on synthetic blend polyesters, these clothes are made with all the new fashion points — the trim, fitted shapes to flatter all figures, the bare necks, just perfect for showing off scarves and beads. And, then there are sarees to keep you ever-fresh from day to night, anytime, anyplace with that uncrushed, unruffled look! These easy styles, practical materials, joyous colours and charming prints combine to make a winning team to see you through any occasion, and to bring you a seasonful of compliments without any effort.

Courtesy: Swan Mills Limited, Bombay.

1

2

3

Feel Cool Feel Cool

Photographs : Taiyeb Badsheh

1. A flowery print tunic top co-ordinated with a contrast coloured pyjama. Loose at waist, fastened with a broad cummerbund for a trim fit.

2. A lilac midi with a sober print in yellow and white has a ruffled top, with dainty tie-ups at shoulder and a scarf to match.

3. Horizontal stripes combined beautifully to make an attractive pleated outfit. Pleats falling vertically from top, opens below the hips for a free movement.

4. Two charmers in wisp-weight polyester sarees in lively prints and exciting new colour combinations to give a special look of elegance each time you wear them.

5. Smart evening outfit with the same ritzy romantic look — swirly-skirt co-ordinated with a snug little tube top in yellow. Style with a matching jacket.

THE STORY SO FAR

ONE: Aldona Mayhew was the only daughter of Roland Mayhew, who worked as accountant in Sebastian Thackeray Limited. His recent marriage to Barbara, with whom Aldona has not established rapport, had made her move out to a flat of her own. One day, on a visit to her father to tell him her engagement to Guy Stinton, another employee in the same firm, was broken off, she met Lionel Downs, an accountant in her father's office, sitting in the living room. Lionel told her in confidence that there was a shortfall of two thousand pounds in the company accounts and attributed the loss to her father. He then made her a proposition. If she agreed to go away to Malta with him for a fortnight, he would make good the missing sum and protect Roland Mayhew. Aldona agreed. In Malta, she met a young man called Zeb, who seemed to take more than a passing interest in her and Lionel.

NOW READ ON...

LIONEL Downs made no reference to the man who had paused by their table and she was too frightened to ask. There were some cross currents here that she didn't understand.

In the end, the talk of showing her some of the night life didn't materialise. For they were making their way from the dining room when they bumped into another couple, a man about Lionel Down's age, and a brassy blonde about ten years older than Aldona.

"Eddie," Lionel Downs said instantly, "you've sobered up from our session earlier then?"

"Lionel, you old scoundrel," the man called Eddie exclaimed. His eyes took in the beautiful dark-haired Aldona. "Aren't you going to introduce us to your friend? This is Rosie by the way." Then, "Look, we're cluttering up the doorway, let's go to the bar and have a drink."

Two hours later, they were still sitting and drinking. At least three of them were. Aldona was weary with sleep, shocked at their crude inebriation.

"Travelling can be wearying," Rosie put in, as though she had discerned that Aldona was out of her element. "Why don't you go up to bed? I'll stay down here and keep these two reprobates company."

Relief flooding through her, Aldona got to her feet, saying a warm good-night to Rosie and the two men. Neither of the men stood up; she rather thought they would have fallen over if they tried.

It was almost early morning and she was in bed when she heard a noise in the corridor outside and a knocking on the door. She opened it wide to see Lionel Downs propped up between a porter on one side and Rosie on the other.

PART TWO

PRICE TO BE MET

Jessica Steele

(Published by Mills and Boon Limited, London, Australian Copyright Jessica Steele 1980)

Distributed by the Macmillan Co., Ltd., of India.

"We just dropped Eddie off, where do you want this cargo?" she asked Aldona with a grin. Aldona pointed and the two dropped Lionel on the nearest of the two beds.

"He'll not bother you tonight, duckie," said Rosie before she left. "He'll sleep well past midday, if I'm any judge."

Aldona didn't point out that it wasn't night any more but morning. She closed the door gratefully and headed for the bathroom. Then, dressing noiselessly, she escaped from the room, making for the spot where she had sat yesterday.

To her horror Zeb was there. She tried to escape, but he had seen her. He walked towards her purposefully, his face harsh. Then he spoke, his voice pure acid, his tones scathing. "Just how much is your **husband** paying you for your services?" he asked.

"Husband?" she queried huskily, already feeling the disadvantage of being seated while he stood and towered over her.

"There's no Aldona Mayhew in the hotel register," he said. "but there is a Lionel Downs booked in with wife."

In what name Lionel Downs had booked her in had been the least of her worries yesterday.

"You know him don't you?" she asked. "You were in..." Her question of his presence in their room yesterday, arguing with Lionel, was cut short.

"Downs must be going to pay you," he said stingingly. "He hasn't got that much to recommend him that a girl with your looks would shack up with him for nothing."

"What's it to you? Nobody's asking you to pay the bill," she snapped. "And for your information, I don't have to wait until the... holiday is over. I've been paid in advance."

"Naturally," was the sharp response. "You're a girl who's learnt from previous experience that once the ardour has cooled there might be some quibbling over the amount."

Aldona's pride wavered as nausea gripped her stomach.

"How much was the amount?" asked Zeb.

"Why the interest?" she promptly retaliated. "You're hardly likely to play contender even if you could afford it."

"I don't know about that," he said. "I reckon I can bid higher than Downs."

"Two thousand pounds was his price," she said, before she could stop herself.

"Two thousand? Ye Gods! You must have something pretty special."

"You'll never know, will you?" she said with a coolness that amazed her.

"I don't know about that too, he said. "Though first I'd want to sample the goods."

Sample the goods! His insulting words penetrated and she was unsure what to do, slap him or throw up on the spot. This conversation had gone much too far. In a second she was on her feet to leave. But it was a mistake. It brought her height to a level nearer his.

"Customer's prerogative I believe?" he said and pulled her close and she felt the hardness of his body against her own. And while her wide brown eyes said, "No!" and her struggle to break his iron grip became more agitated, his head came down and firm, warm lips were over hers.

She pushed and kicked but he refused to let go. She lost her footing and they came down flat on the sand.

"Let me go," she hissed furiously, and those were her last words, as Zeb's lips again found hers. Only this time, instead of making his kiss insulting, he set about getting her to respond. And then, just when the battle against the treacherous feelings Zeb was arousing in her body was at its height, she found herself free of his mouth. He moved to one side and sat, looking down at her.

"As a sample, that wasn't bad," he drawled, looking in no way as if he had experienced the same disturbing sensations she had felt. "Though, if you tried, I'm sure you could do better."

"You've wasted your time sampling the product, Mr. Damn," she snapped.

"Have I?" he queried sardonically.

"Yes, you have," she said flatly, rose to her feet and walked away.

* * *

She had a lonely breakfast, and later a lonely lunch. She hadn't dared to go up to their room to face Lionel, though she knew he must have woken by now. At three o'clock, as she flipped through the magazines in the lounge, she became aware she couldn't put off going to the room any longer. But oh how she wished she could!

Lionel was sitting up on the bed. As she went in, he snapped, "Where the hell have you been?"

"I didn't want to disturb you by moving around," said Aldona, "so I went to sit in the lounge."

"Come here," he ordered, and Aldona's heart began to pound in fear. "I... I have a headache," she stammered.

"So have I," was the unrelenting reply. "Come here." She froze, petrified, where she stood. "You'll come to my bed if I have to drag you to it," he said threateningly. Then, before she knew what was happening, he had caught hold of her. She knew at that point that even if it meant the death of her father, she just couldn't go through with it.

"No!" she screamed as his hands went to the fastenings of her clothes. "No, I can't!"

"Yes, you can and you damn well will," was the savage reply. "I've waited long enough for you, I'm not waiting any longer. I want value for that two thousand. Either you keep to the

bargain we made or you return my money with interest. You pay me three thousand before bedtime tonight and I'll forget I even fancied you."

"Three thousand!" she repeated, dazed.

"We both know you haven't a chance of getting that money. Come over here and pay your dues." He released her to strike a pose.

It was all that was needed for Aldona to be suddenly galvanised into action. She pulled the door open and sped through it. She ran down the corridor, then instinctively turned to the staircase leading up. She had a feeling he would run downstairs looking for her. She took refuge in the corridor of the floor above, leaning against the wall. A dry sob shook her. Then before she could draw another breath, the door to the left of her opened and she had another shock when she found herself face to face with the arrogant Zeb.

And then as if her prayers were answered, she looked at the man standing in front of her. An impossible thought crossed her mind. . .It was not much of an escape but she would tackle that hurdle when she came to it

"Well, well," he drawled sardonically, "Have you come looking for me?" Then his eyes narrowed as he looked at her. "By the look of you, you need a drink. Come in." Vaguely Aldona was aware of being propelled unprotesting into his room. Then Zeb was pushing her into a chair and putting a glass of liquor into her hand. While she sipped it, to stop her trembling, he stood back and surveyed her.

"I er. . . had a bit of a er. . . a spat with Lionel," she explained.

"Do I hear strains of discord in your love nest?" he asked sarcastically. A morose silence seemed to fill the room. "What was your 'spat' about?" he asked.

An involuntary shudder shook her as she remembered it. Heaven help her, where was she going to get three thousand pounds to pay Lionel Downs?

And then as if her prayers were answered, she looked at the man standing in front of her. An impossible thought crossed her mind. Words he had spoken only that morning came hurtling into her head: "I reckon I can bid higher than Downs." It was not much of an escape, but she would tackle that hurdle when she came to it.

"I've been watching your face," Zeb said. 'From appearing to be a shaken young woman with an air of desperation, you suddenly look as if you've had a bright idea, that'll be to your advantage if it comes off." His expression wasn't very inviting as he ordered, "Out with it Aldona. I'm not easily shocked."

"On the beach you said you could bid higher. . . than Downs," she said ."D. . .Did you mean it?" The air crackled with tension as she asked that desperate question.

"It would appear that the formula Downs is using isn't the right one to stir your blood," he said nastily. "What's the matter, Aldona? Have you suddenly discovered that two thousand pounds isn't enough for putting up with his mauling?" Aldona made to stand up but was pushed unceremoniously down again.

"I apologise for my question," she said. "If you stand out of my way, I shan't bother you again." Zeb didn't stand out of her way, but eyed her levelly and said, "If I take you over, you'll have to move in with me and sever all connections with Downs." She agreed calmly. "That leaves only one other point. I think. You referred to my bidding higher. Do I gather from that, that the asking price has jumped somewhat?"

In a rush she told him about Down's demand. He wrote out two cheques, one for two thousand and the other for one thousand, making them out to cash. She escaped gratefully downstairs with them, refusing his request to accompany her.

She was relieved to find Downs wasn't in the room when she entered. No doubt he was downstairs looking for her. She packed hurriedly. The door opened just as she was clicking the latch of the suitcase into place. "What's going on?" he asked, belligerence to the fore. "We made a fresh bargain," she said, forcing herself to keep calm. She pointed to the two cheques on the table. "There's the three thousand you asked for. I'm leaving."

"You're leaving?" the exclamation broke from him as his eyes went to the two cheques. She saw his podgy fingers take them up as though he couldn't believe they were real. "Do I have your word that my father is now in the clear?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "You need have no fears for your old man from me, girlie, his character will stay as white as the driven snow."

It was all she wanted to hear, but as she bent to pick up her case, he lunged after her and Aldona knew she was not out of the woods, though her father certainly might be. As she struggled in his grip, the door jerked open and Zeb walked in purposefully. Lionel Downs released her quickly. Zeb picked up her bag and shepherded her from the room.

In Zeb's room, as her mind unravelled ways to escape from this fresh predicament, the attack began. Migrane. She had suffered it before in tense situations. The pain hit her. She swayed and clutched at a chair. "Do you have any soluble aspirin?" she mumbled. "It's a bit early in the evening to pull the headache routine, isn't it?" asked a cynical-sounding voice. She heard Zeb move towards her and it sounded like a herd of elephants. Then, as blackness took hold of her and she swayed, he was by her side, concerned. "Get into bed, I'll rustle up the aspirin." She tried to move, but the pain hit her again. "I can't see," she said.

When she awoke, she was in bed. Her head was still muzzy, but not violently aching. She pushed back the covers to get out of bed, then gasped, appalled. She was stark naked. It seemed to be early morning and Zeb was not in his bed. She wanted to flee. Her eyes darted around looking for her case. Zeb had evidently hefted it on top of the wardrobe after undressing her and putting her to bed. She decided to leave it behind. Her clothes were on a chair. She got into them. Her passport was in her handbag down under the chair. Thank goodness she had thought to bring some money with her; she might need all of it for her air-fare. Like a thief, she opened the door and sneaked out.

To be continued

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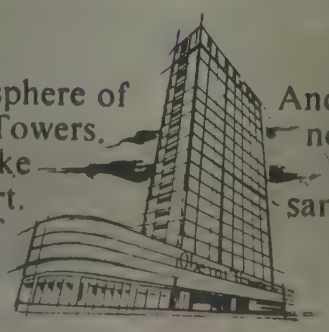

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Interpub/TBZ 6/80

LET'S GO MUNCHIN'!

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

The most enjoyable way of entertaining your friends is to ask them over for a cup of tea or coffee and to delight them with a palatable fare of hearty snacks. "A very easy way to entertain, especially when unexpected guests drop in," says our young hostess REKHA KOTAK.

She offers a good selection of simple, easy-to-prepare Gujarati snacks, made with ingredients you are sure to have on hand.

A B.A. graduate from Porbander, Rekha takes interest in all household activities, reading, swimming and, above all, cooking.

MAKAI POHA

1 cup corns
2 cups beaten rice (thick quality)
Ghee as required
1 tbsp. ginger and green chillis, ground
A pinch asafoetida
½ tsp. mustard seeds
3-4 red chillis
Salt as required
1 lime
Sugar to taste
Turmeric powder (optional)

FOR THE GARNISH:

Coriander leaves, chopped
Tomatoes, chopped

Wash and completely drain the beaten rice. Boil the corn till tender. Heat little ghee. Saute the beaten rice and corn. Keep aside. Once again heat ghee. Put in the mustard seeds and asafoetida. When they begin to splutter, add the ground paste, red chillis and sugar. Fry for some time. Put in the beaten rice and corn. Mix well and fry for some time. Add salt to taste. Remove and garnish with coriander leaves, lime juice and firmly chopped tomatoes.

CHAND TARA PATTIES

200 grams sago
1 kg potatoes
Ghee as required
1 tbsp. ginger — green chillis, ground
Salt to taste
1 lime
1 tsp. sugar
Coriander leaves, chopped

Boil and peel the potatoes. Mash them to a fine paste. Soak the sago in water for five minutes. Remove and drain the water completely. Mix with the mashed potatoes. Put in all the remaining ingredients. Mix well and form into small patties. Fry in deep ghee till golden brown. Serve hot.

SANDWICH BHAJIA

2 cups gram flour (besan)
1 sandwich bread
200 grams butter
Oil for frying
½ tsp. turmeric powder
Salt to taste
1 tsp. red chilli powder
1 tsp. coriander and cummin seed powder

GRIND TO A PASTE (CHUTNEY):

½ coconut, grated
6-7 green chillis
1 bunch coriander leaves
8 cloves garlic, flaked
1 inch piece ginger
Salt to taste
Little sugar
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 lime

Add the turmeric, red chilli, salt, cummin seeds, coriander powder to the gram flour. Add sufficient water to make a batter consistency. Mix well and keep aside. Now slice off the hard crust from the bread. Cut the slices into triangles. Spread butter on each slice. Over this spread a layer of the ground chutney. Sandwich two slices together, dip them in the gram flour batter and deep fry till brown.

BAJRI NA VADA

2 cups millet flour (bajri)
Salt to taste
Red chillis as desired
Coriander and cummin seed powder
A pinch soda-bicarb
Oil for frying
1 cup sour curds
1 tsp. sugar

Mix the sour curds with the flour along with sugar. Form into a dough. Add the rest of the ingredients. Knead well and divide into equal number of balls. Flatten each ball lightly and fry in oil till brown. Serve hot.

BATATA VADA

1 kg potatoes
Chillis to taste
Juice of 1 lime
Sugar if desired
Salt to taste
6 cloves garlic, flaked
Coriander leaves, chopped
2 cups gram flour (besan)
1 tsp. mustard seeds

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes. Mix all the above ingredients except the gram flour and mustard seeds. Mix well. Splutter the mustard seeds in little oil and add to the potatoes. Add salt to taste. Divide this potato mixture in equal portions. Make batter out of the gram flour. Dip each potato ball in this batter and deep fry till golden brown. Serve hot.

LAL-PURI

1 cup whole wheat flour
1 beetroot
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Wash and peel the beetroot. Boil in one cup of water, till the water turns red. Cool and blend this water with the flour. Add salt and form into a soft dough. Make small puris out of this dough as usual. Fry till the puris puff up nicely.

PALAK NI PURI

1 cup whole wheat flour
1 bunch spinach (palak)
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Wash and boil the spinach in water till the water turns green. Form a soft dough with flour and the spinach water. Add salt. Form into puris and deep fry till brown.

KHANDVI (WHITE)

2 cups buttermilk
2 cups arrowroot
4-5 green chillis
Coriander leaves, chopped
1 tsp. mustard seeds
Little oil
Salt to taste

Mix the buttermilk and arrowroot together. Add salt and chopped green chillis. Mix well till it forms a thickish paste. Immediately spread over a greased thali. Cut into strips and roll finely. Splutter the mustard seeds in a little oil. Pour over the khandvi. Garnish with coriander leaves.

METHI NA BHAJIA

2 cups gram flour
1 bunch fenugreek (methi)
1 banana
1 tsp. soda-bicarb
A pinch asafoetida
1 tsp. turmeric powder
1 cup sour curd
Green and red chillis to taste
1 tsp. coriander and cummin powder

Wash and chop the fenugreek leaves. Mix together with flour. Add all the remaining ingredients, along with sour curd. Mix well and form into a thick batter. Heat oil. Drop in spoonfuls of this mixture. Fry till brown.

DAHI SEV

2 cups gram flour sev (besan sev)
1 cup curds
2-3 green chillis, chopped
½ tsp. red chilli powder
Salt and pepper to taste
1 small onion, chopped
1 small tomato, chopped
Coriander leaves, chopped

In a bowl mix together the sev, chopped onions and tomatoes. Season with red chilli powder, salt and pepper. Mix well. Add the lightly beaten curds. Quickly mix together. Serve immediately garnished with coriander leaves and tomato slices

KHUSKHUS NA LADDU

5 tbsps. poppy seeds (khuskhus), lightly roasted
2 cups wheat flour
½ cup semolina
2 cups sugar, ground
Cardamom to taste
1 cup milk, or as required
2 tbsps. ghee

Sieve the wheat flour and semolina together. Mix well and bind together with the required amount of milk. Form into balls and deep fry till crisp and golden brown. Remove and cool. Pound these balls and pass through a fine sieve. Mix in the melted ghee, sugar and cardamoms. Mix well and form into tiny balls. Roll them in poppy seeds and leave aside to dry before serving.

COOKERY QUEEN

SHUKLA NAHA, Bombay.

Miss Naha wins Rs. 100/- for this month's best recipe plus a non-stick coated Taper Fry Pan from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, an oval Casserole and 4 cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works Limited, a Sainik Pressure Cooker from Evergreen Trades and Agencies and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

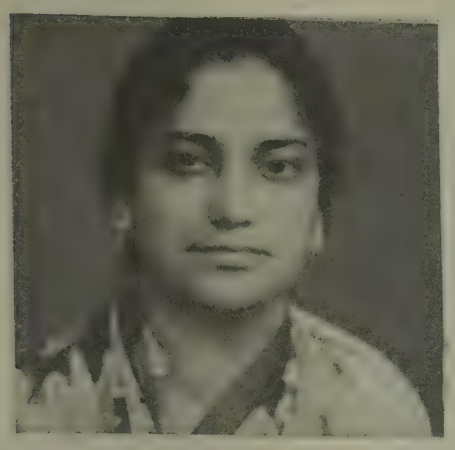
MUTTON GHOOGNI

¼ kg kabuli channa
300 grams mutton
4 large onions
1 piece ginger, ground
6 cloves garlic, flaked and mashed
1½ tsps. saffron powder
1½ tsps. red chilli powder
1½ tsps. coriander powder
A few bay leaves
6 cardamoms
3-4 cinnamon sticks
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. pure ghee or butter
50 grams cashewnuts
25 grams raisins

Soak the gram overnight. Cut the mutton into small pieces, wash and keep aside. Cut the onions finely and keep aside. Now add to the washed mutton, the ground ginger, saffron powder, red chilli powder, coriander powder, salt, bay leaves and garlic. Mix well and keep aside. Heat oil in the cooker body. Add the finely chopped onions. Fry for about five to seven minutes. Now add the mixed masala mutton to the fried onion and fry for about twenty minutes. Add the drained channa. Fry for ten minutes. Now add sufficient water. Bring to full pressure. Now grind to a paste the cardamom and cinnamon and add to the prepared mutton ghoogni. Add ghee or butter. Let the gravy thicken. Serve hot with onion rings and lime.

Garnish with cashewnuts and raisins.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS



Mrs. Rita Lobo, Bangalore.

SAUSAGE HAM JAMBALAYA

- ½ kg spiced sausages, cut in ½ inch rounds
- ¼ kg ham, sliced thinly
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 3 celery sticks, chopped
- 1 capsicum, chopped
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- 3 spring onions
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 cups uncooked rice
- 3 cups tomato juice
- Salt to taste
- 1 tbsp. parsley, chopped

Heat ghee, in the pressure cooker and fry the chopped onion. Add the sausages and ham. Brown lightly, the celery, capsicum and spring onions. Put in the tomato juice, one cup water, salt, bay leaves and parsley. Close and bring to full pressure. Cook for ten minutes.

Mrs. Shobha Palta, Bangalore.

GOBHI MUGHLAI

- 2 medium size cauliflowers
- 4 onions
- 1 pod garlic
- 1 inch piece ginger
- 2 tomatoes
- 4 tbsps. butter
- Salt, green chillis and red chilli powder to taste
- Ghee or oil
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- 2 tsps. coriander powder
- 4 cardamoms
- 1 inch stick cinnamon
- 6 cloves

FOR THE GARNISH:

- 25 grams cashewnuts
- 50 grams dry coconut
- A few raisins and coriander leaves

Grind onions, garlic and ginger into a fine paste. Fry the paste in ghee till light brown. Add all the spices, chopped tomatoes, green chillis, chilli powder and salt. Fry till water evaporates. Keep aside.

Soak the cauliflower in salted water for half an hour. Wash well. Spread the masala evenly over the cauliflower. Prick the cauli flower lighty all over to allow the masala to seep in. Place the cauliflowers in the separators and pressure cook for seven to eight minutes. Release steam and remove the cauliflowers. Place them in a flat dish. Pour melted butter over them. Garnish with shredded cashewnuts and coconut, raisins, and chopped coriander leaves. Serve with nan or roomali roti.

Mrs. Malati Rao, Salem.

KHARA DAL BARFI

- 1 cup tur dal
- 1 cup coconut, grated
- 4 tsps. mint leaves, finely chopped
- 3 to 4 green chillis
- 1 bunch coriander leaves
- A pinch of asafoetida
- Little turmeric powder
- Salt to taste

Soak the dal for three to four hours. Grind with very little water along with green chillis, coriander leaves and mint leaves. Then add grated coconut, asafoetida, turmeric powder, salt and mix well. Spread evenly in a greased plate half inch in depth. Pressure cook the dough for seven to eight minutes, after the pressure has built-up nicely, without the weight. Remove, cool and cut into square or diamond pieces. Serve cold, with evening coffee or tea.

WEEKLY WINNER

ROSHAN GOWANI, Bombay.

Miss Gowani wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and a 2 cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works Limited and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

PAYA

- 12 trotters (paya)
- 10 grams rice
- 50 grams wheat
- 100 grams gram dal
- ¾ cup ghee
- 1 cup oil
- 8 onions
- 2 tsps. chilli powder
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- ½ bunch coriander leaves
- A sprig curry leaves

GARAM MASALA:

- 4 cinnamon sticks
- 2 cardamoms
- 6 cloves
- 7 pepper corns

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- 20 green chillis
- 15 cloves garlic, flaked
- ½ inch piece ginger
- ¼ bunch coriander leaves
- Salt to taste

Clean the trotters carefully. Wash and keep aside. Wash and dry the rice. Grind it coarsely. Soak the wheat for about half an hour. Crush it slightly as to remove the husks. Grate seven onions.

In the cooker body, put in the trotters, rice, wheat, garam masala, green masala, grated onions and salt. Fill with water. Adjust the lid, bring to pressure and let it cook for forty minutes. Remove the lid, check if the trotters are tender. Wash and add the gram dal, let it cook again for four to five minutes.

In a dekchi saute the remaining sliced onion till light brown. Add the curry leaves, red chilli and turmeric powder, mixed with one teaspoon water. Mix well for five minutes. Put in the cooked trotters. Bring to boil once again on slow flame. Garnish with chopped coriander leaves. Serve hot with bread or tandoor rotis.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

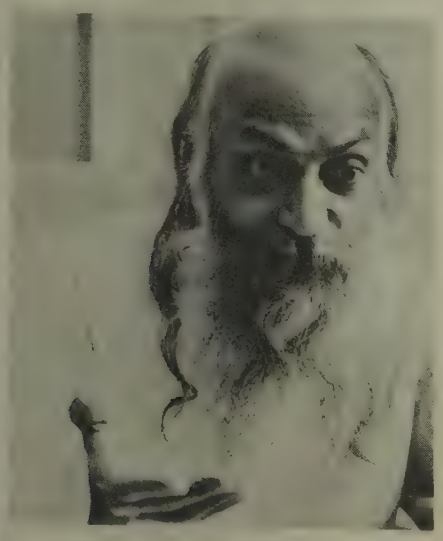
Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

Join the MARKFED brigade

Markfed The Punjab State Co-operative Supply and Marketing Federation Ltd., Sector 17-C, Chandigarh

PEOPLE KNOWN AND

If **Acharya Rajneesh** could win the unpopularity poll hands down in Poona, he hasn't done any better in Bhuj, Kutch. The citizens have formed an action committee to prevent the Gujarat government from allowing Acharya Rajneesh from moving into the palace of the ex-maharaja of Mandvi. Recently, shops pulled down their shutters and members of the citizens' committee took a procession to the collector, expressing their disappro-



val at the Acharya's invasion of their privacy. If all this hasn't endeared Rajneesh to the locals, he has now observed that democracy is just a beautiful word borrowed from the West but has no meaning in the Indian context. "The mind of India has become accustomed to slavery and when you give freedom to slaves, they go berserk," he said, adding that he advocated "benevolent dictatorship". Ah well, another one of those souls being provocative for the sake of being provocative . . . or getting into the papers!

* * *

Everyone had their fingers crossed, and finally the Saudi Arabian king relented. **Penelope and Richard Arnot,** who were sentenced to be whipped and jailed for drunken revelry have been freed and deported to England. The couple held hands with their two children whom they hadn't seen for more than 18 months and talked about their ordeal. But they admitted candidly that they had taken a calculated risk when they decided to serve drinks at their party. Of their stay in jail, where the conditions were harsh, they said that they lived in terror, not knowing when they were to be punished and beaten. But the Arnots also spoke gratefully of their kindly prison governor who let husband and wife meet once a week in his office.

* * *

Singer **Mohammad Rafi**'s death proved recently that art cuts across barriers of caste, religion, dogma and nationality, if one was to go by the varied hues of the mourners. Now comes an interesting story that although Rafi was a staunch Muslim, he once recited with grace and fervour the Mangalashtaka — auspicious Sankskrit **shlokas** marking the completion of the Hindu marriage ceremony, which is usually recited only by relatives and priests at the wedding. The occasion, believe it or not, was the wedding of **Sudhir Phadke,** well-known Marathi music director and singer, and a staunch supporter of the RSS! And glowing tributes were paid recently to Mohammad Rafi by Sudhir Phadke at no other occasion than at a function to glorify the memory of two former RSS chiefs.

* * *

It was the expected anti-climax. **Dimple Khanna** has gone back to "wife beater" **Rajesh,** and the reunion reportedly took place during their second daughter Chinki's birthday celebrations. Incidentally, Chinki had allegedly been made to feel so neglected by Rajesh that she needed psychiatric treatment. Rajesh has been accused of having kicked Dimple in the stomach when he discovered that Chinki was a girl and not a boy. Be that as it may, Rajesh and Dimple made their first public appearance in Madras (Rajesh had been in Madras when he was informed of the divorce suit earlier) at the muhurat of Director Sridhar's latest film, "Dil-e-Nadaan". The next day the couple went to Tirupathi to seek Lord Venkateswara's blessings and give long life to their latest reunion.

* * *

I have childhood memories of my grandparents whispering about **Edwina Mountbatten's** relationship not only with **Pandit Nehru** but also **Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer.** "Ah, she had an eye for the handsome ones."

they said. Now it is all in the open. **Richard Hough's** biography of **Lord Mountbatten** talks frankly about Edwina's many affairs and suggests that when Lord Mountbatten could not sexually satisfy his wife, he took a voyeuristic pleasure in hearing about her escapades. M. O. Mathai has also hinted about her relationship with Panditji, but Mrs. Gandhi has been quick to deny the suggestion and implied recently that a man and a woman can share a warm friendship without stretching the relationship to bed. Mr. Hough's rather uncomplimentary assessment of Mountbatten as "Vain, verbose and a bit of a voyeur," is partly true if one is to go by his "revelations" in "Freedom At Midnight". If Mountbatten is to be believed in that book, Nehru asked him to come back and rule India as he was incapable of doing so!

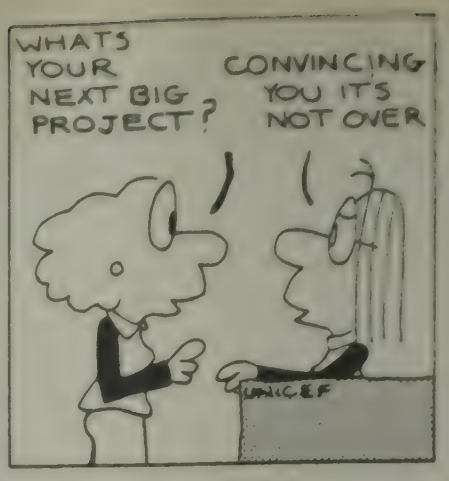
UNKNOWN

Meet Mariam (22) and Farrah (24), two charming young girls from Iran. The names are pseudonyms to protect their identities. Before coming to India, Mariam and Farrah were technically men, but an eminent Indian plastic surgeon in Bombay released their true selves. The sisters confide that right from the time they were young they felt odd. They didn't feel comfortable playing with other boys and preferred to stay home and help their mother with the household chores. A psychiatrist decided that the brothers would be happiest if they underwent a sex change operation. According to a Bombay journalist, Mariam and Farrah now look beautiful after their operation, but for a bit of stubble on the chin and the upper lip. Talking of their travels before the miracle operation, Farrah said that they used to dress up in women's wear and go out, but were often beaten up in their native country when it was found that they were really men.

Lakshmi Narayan

GETTING PAST THE PRIMARY STAGE

J. P. Naik



In 1947, when India became free, just one child out of three in the 6-11 age group and one out of eleven in the 11-14 age group were enrolled in schools. Convinced of the child's right to education, and realising that it is she or he who holds the nation's destiny in his or her hand, the Constitution directed the state to provide education that would be free and compulsory to all children by 1960. There could not have been a wiser or a better decision.

Since then there has been tremendous progress, though sadly not enough. The 1960 target could not be met, though we now have 600,000 primary and middle schools and over three million teachers who meet the needs of the entire urban and 95 per cent of the rural population. Enrolment in primary and middle schools now exceeds 90 million. Four out of five children in the age group 6-11 and two out of five in the age group 11-14 have been actually enrolled. This is an achievement unparalleled in the earlier history of education in this country. This is an advance to be justly proud of in an essential area, but figures tend to hide the failures that have been there too.

Primary and middle school education is availed of mostly by the rich and well-to-do, both in the urban and rural areas. The children of the poor and weaker sections of society, especially girls, are still out of school. Nearly 30 per cent of poor children do not ever go to school, and of those that do, nearly half drop out by class V and nearly three-fourths by class VIII. A fair proportion of poor children who do actually complete the primary and middle stages, show poorer achievements as compared to their well-to-do counterparts.

These shortcomings have prompted the central and state governments to launch a new and bigger offensive during the sixth plan which provides Rs. 900 crores out of a total education budget of Rs. 1,955 crores for primary education. The most important innovation is to provide part-time non-formal education to those children in the 9-14 age group who cannot attend school because they work either at home or outside.

The other programmes emphasised include qualitative improvement of primary and middle-school education to increase their attracting and holding powers; provision of welfare services for poor and needy children including free books, and where necessary and possible, free meals and even clothes; community participation and parent education; and special attention to the education of girls and to the children of the scheduled castes, tribes and landless labourers. With a simultaneous extensive programme of adult education going on side by side, it is hoped to enroll about 60 million more children through these efforts and to provide universal education to all children in the age group 6-14 within a period of ten years. Then perhaps the vision enshrined in our Constitution will become a reality.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

First Hen: "That big rooster has been making love to me."

Second Hen: "Did you give him any encouragement?"

First Hen: "Well, I must say I egged him on a bit."

* * *

"How's your farm work coming along?"

"Oh fine. Got the billboard and hotdog stand painted, and the filling station stocked full of gas."

* * *

"I would like a straw with this lemonade," said the lady at the table.

"Hey?" said the waiter, who was hard of hearing.

"No, not hay. A straw."

* * *

Mark Twain proved that you are least safe in your bed. "For," he said, "don't most people die there?"

* * *

"So your great Russian actor was a total failure? What was his name? Ah yes, Oscanov Letitish Moolakov."

"Yes. It took all our profits to pay for running the electric light sign with his name on it."

"You should meet my husband. He makes a living with his pen."

"Oh, so he's a writer?"

"No. He raises pigs."

* * *

"Wise men are always in doubt. Only idiots are sure of their case."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, absolutely."

* * *

"Every time I want you, you're engaged on the phone."

"They were business calls, sir."

"Well, in future, don't address my clients as darling."

* * *

"How about two of them?" asked the druggist of the man who was buying a toothbrush. "One for your wife."

"No, thanks. When I buy a new one I always give her the old one."

He paused while several other customers gasped, and then he added: "She uses it to clean her shoes."

* * *

A celebrated lawyer once said that the three most troublesome clients he ever had were a young lady who wanted to be married, a married woman who wanted a divorce, and an old maid who didn't know what she wanted.

* * *

"What are you doing these days, Gladys?"

"Working on a farm where they raise hornless goats."

"But . . ."

"There are no buts."

* * *

A Bishop had been speaking with some feeling about the use of cosmetics.

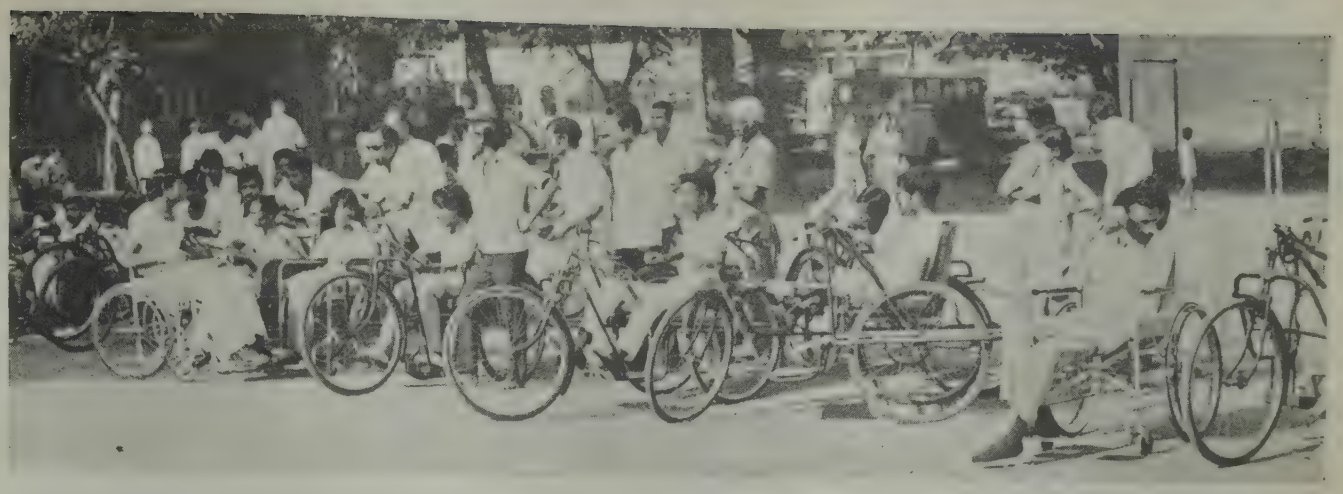
"The more experience I have of lipstick," he declared, warmly, "the more distasteful I find it."

Compiled by:
George Fegradoe

PARAPLEGIA: how we can help

PARAPLEGICS ARE CONDEMNED TO A LIFELONG WHEELCHAIR EXISTENCE, BUT SOCIETY CAN DO MUCH TO MAKE THEIR LIFE MORE BEARABLE AND USEFUL LIKE THE WORK BEING DONE BY THE PARAPLEGIC FOUNDATION

Menka Shivdasani



Flory Fernandes greets you with a beaming smile. She is a pleasant woman to talk to, and her eyes exude a certain warmth. Flory seems perfectly normal. The wheelchair and wasted legs, however, tell a different story.

Flory is a paraplegic.

Flory contracted a fever when still in school, twenty years ago. She was hospitalised for some months, but returned home and, soon after, got married. But the disease gradually spread and, today, Flory's lower limbs are absolutely useless and her upper limbs almost entirely so. Her illness is of a progressive nature; it will spread. She has had to give up doing embroidery, the one thing she loves, because of deteriorating eyesight. "I am very happy," she smiles, but the smile gradually fades away as she reveals that her sister visits her only once in three or four months, and her brother, not at all. Her marriage with her alcoholic husband ended long ago.

"Come again," she says softly as she waves goodbye.

Flory, and others like her, need help. For paraplegia is a wasting disease that has far-reaching effects on the patient's life physically, emotionally, and socially.

A paraplegic is a person who is paralysed waist downwards. This lack of sensation leads to loss of control over urination and bowel movements, besides impairment of sexual functioning. It generally occurs in the prime of life, between twenty and thirty years of age. Few paraplegics recover, and even if there is some improvement, the patient is generally on crutches for the rest of his or her life.

Paraplegia is caused by bacterial infections, muscle and nerve diseases, tumours, and accidental injuries to the spinal cord. In India, tuberculosis and spinal cord injuries are the two most common causes. Sometimes paraplegia is hereditary, but this is rare.

Though reliable statistics on the incidence of paraplegia are not available, on any given day, 30-35 patients in any general hospital in Bombay are paraplegics. One out of every four is a woman. According to Mr. K. K. Mody, an industrialist-turned-social worker actively involved in helping such patients, there are 300 paraplegics in this city alone.

Mr. Mody feels that paraplegia is "definitely on the increase" and is more prevalent in urban, rather than rural areas. This, he says, is partly because of the increase in construction work in cities. He blames contractors for their callousness in making insecure scaffoldings in order to cut down costs, thereby increasing the danger of workers falling.

Gulab, a 40-year-old plumber, is one victim of such callousness. He had a fall in 1977 while constructing tanks for a particular building. His claim for compensation is still pending in court, but nothing can change the fact that Gulab has been confined to a wheelchair for life. But Gulab is comparatively lucky. His mother and sisters have accepted him back, and look after him. For most paraplegics, this is a luxury. They are generally left to fend for themselves when their families realise they will never recover.

Vasant, also a construction worker, had a fall from a great height. Though his body appeared normal, he realised he had lost all sensation in his lower limbs, because of injury to the spinal cord. Vasant's wife and two children moved in with a relative. Vasant, however, had nowhere to go. His wife had neither the means nor the inclination to support this once healthy man who had suddenly become a burden. Fortunately, for Vasant, a charitable organisation took care of his needs.

And take the case of Kalpana, a 20-year-old girl, who met with a car accident resulting in paraplegia. Her parents refused to accept her when they realised what had happened. They took her back later, though — when she received Rs. 50,000 as compensation.

PARAPLEGIA : how we can help

This callousness is the most revolting part of the whole story. Yet, there is often no alternative. The victims are often from the lower-income group, and their families can ill-afford the extra burden, if "burden" is the word with which to describe a chronically ill member of the family.

Chronic illness of any kind is a traumatic experience, particularly in the initial stages, when the patient has not accepted the fact. It is worse when the victim is young, as most paraplegics are. Hirabai Patil, for instance, is just 17 years old. She fell from a mango tree on June 9, 1980, and today lies in J. J. Hospital. Hirabai appears to be in a state of shock, and is in no condition to talk. But this teenager told her mother, "I am going to die. Kiss me once before I die."

Once the patient has passed this stage, he begins to hope for a cure.

Razia, 26, is one such patient. She has been in hospital for two months, and cannot sit or sleep straight because of bedsores, a common complication in these cases. Razia began to suffer pain in her legs and soon after, became a paraplegic. "Ek dafa mein khade ho jaun (if only I could stand up once)," she says wistfully, adding that she tries hard to walk but does not succeed. Razia was to be married this year, but her illness has changed all that. She hopes for a cure. but the chances are slim.

A day comes when the paraplegic accepts the fact that he will never recover. "You can't escape fate," is a common attitude among them.

Janardhan Reddy, 26, greets you with a bright "namaste" and then tells you his story in flat tones. A carpenter by profession, Janardhan had a fall while doing some construction work. He was in hospital for some years, after which the Paraplegic Foundation began to look after him. Of his handicap, Janardhan merely says, "Hum sochta hi nahin (I don't think about it)." He adds that if he allowed himself to think, he wouldn't be able to take it.

Several others echoed the same sentiment, accepting their fate with a matter-of-factness that is astonishing.

The matter does not, and cannot, end with stoic acceptance of reality. The paraplegic needs to be helped if he is to pick up the threads of his life again.

Rehabilitation occurs in two stages. First, the patient must be hospitalised, and requires surgical care and therapy. But as the pressure on beds is immense, a general hospital cannot give a patient lifelong care. He is discharged, and then is the time the second phase of rehabilitation must occur. This is where you and I can help.

In this stage, efforts must be made to help the paraplegic regain self-confidence and respect. The double shock of being paralysed and of being abandoned by the family takes its emotional toll of the patient. Also, real physical needs such as a soft mattress and high-protein food must be met. The paraplegic requires a suitable sitting job close to his residence. This often means learning a new skill altogether. He must be provided with a suitable means of transport such as a tricycle.

In order to help such patients, Dr. S. G. Balani, of Bombay, along with a few others, formed the Paraplegic Foundation in 1968. This organisation runs a Workshop in the LTMG Hospital premises at Sion, Bombay where paraplegics are given work and one meal a day. Here, they make sanitary pads which are then supplied to various hospitals. Besides pad-making, mending work is also carried out. Hospitals send garments for repair and this is done by the paraplegics themselves. For this they earn between Rs. 200-450 per month. More important, they are made to feel useful and constructive once again.

But more needs to be done for the paraplegic than is already being done. Certain physical necessities must be met, for which funds are urgently required. Most of all. he needs to know that somebody cares.

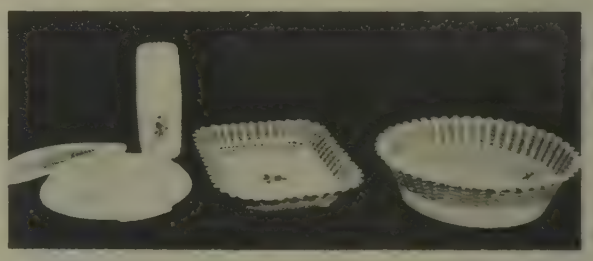
The paraplegic's problem is not only an individual one; it is a social problem in a very real sense. What are you doing about it?

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.

For the houseproud is this versatile Lifelong Prestige Trolley with Lifelong Food Warmer on top fitted with a printing circuit heating to keep food warm for hours, introduced by Trading Engineers, New Delhi. Price Rs. 475.20 including taxes. Can be had without the Food Warmer too. At leading stores in Bombay, Delhi and other major cities in the country.

And now . . . Lakme Shampoo & Conditioner in one. A perfectly pH-balanced shampoo with built-in conditioner, pleasantly perfumed, to keep hair shiny and healthy. Available in Egg and Beauty formulations (Rs. 8.75 and Rs. 14.75 respectively, excluding taxes), in attractive containers. At leading stores.



Jyoti Plastics, Kirti Nagar, New Delhi, have introduced some interesting items in plastic. Displayed here is a serving dish having three sections, with an air-tight lid (Rs. 8); toothbrush and toothpaste stand (Rs. 10); trays in different shapes with hand-woven borders (Rs. 10 and Rs. 12); also a multiple hanger (Rs. 6). Available at leading stores in Bombay and Delhi.

THE BLOSSOMING OF PADMINI KOLHAPURE

A. T. Jayanthi

The little girl with the gamin, pert smile who played the young Zeenat in "Satyam Shivam Sundaram", won the hearts of the audience. The industry sat up on the alert, and kept a keen eye on this girl who lost no time in blossoming from a child to a half-girl half-woman. Soon the producers pounced on her and rushed to her with offers.

Padmini can be quite a precocious brat, but now that she's got the backing of Raj Kapoor (with her father just a step behind her guiding her and telling her what's good for her) she's quite calculative and discriminating about the films she signs. Ruthlessly she shrugs off new boys like Raj Babbar and Deepak Parashar. Even Bunty is out of bounds because she belongs to the R.K. camp.

She says "Please try to understand. How can I be pally with him when I'm working for the Kapoors? They'll feel bad. They won't tell me anything but I feel I should respect their feelings and try not to antagonise them when they've been so nice to me. Rajji won't mind it but I'd like to be careful how I tread.

"I'm here to make a career for myself and have a long long way to go and I don't want to rub anyone the wrong way. I have nothing against Bunty, I like him. Maybe we'll land up doing a film together later on.

"Now most of my films are with Rishi. I have one with Mithun, one with Vinod, 'Insaaf Ka Tarazoo' with Deepak and 'Charlie' with Amitabh. I've haven't had a long enough schedule with any of my co-stars to get to know them very well. Even Chintu, though I've worked most with him, I honestly don't know him at all. He's very quiet and we rarely talk. Anyway I prefer to retire to my room rather than create any controversies.

"I'm lucky. My career's taken off reasonably well and recently I signed 'Ahista Ahista' opposite Shashi Kapoor's son Kunal. I would like to sign a film with Sunjay Dutt too."

Childlike, she talks openly to journalists and feels as though they've betrayed her trust in them when she reads her quotes. Then of course her father rounds on her and sternly forbids her from giving interviews. Padmini withdraws into her shell. The next time you meet her she smiles at you brilliantly from afar and evades you but when confronted she confesses with her innate honesty, that she's been forbidden to talk to journalists!

I realized that, like she said, she still has a long way to go before she matured into a confident woman of the world who could handle her affairs under her own steam. Reports from the industry say that Padmini is smashing and her histrionics fantastic, so it looks like Padmini is going to zoom up in no time and stay there as there's a definite dearth of young talented girls.

Photograph: Rakesh Shrestha

ARTIST OF THE MONTH

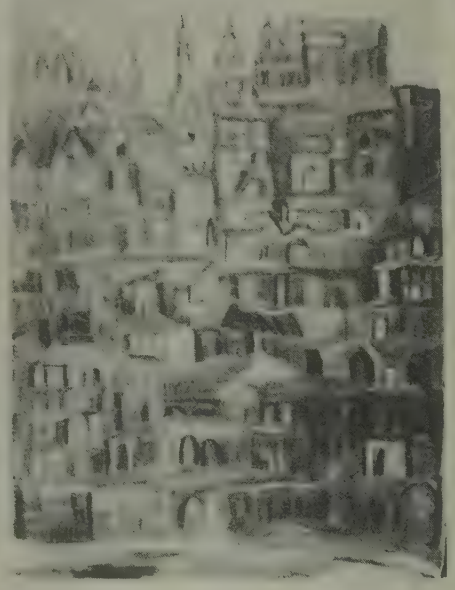
Introducing women in the art world, whose work contributes significantly to contemporary Indian art.

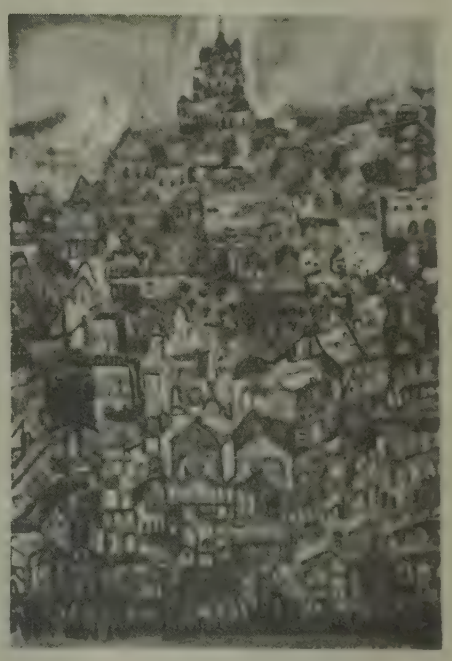
A COMBINATION OF REALISM AND FANTASY

SAVI PRAKASH

One of the lesser known contributions of the Indian Foreign Service, is it's fostering — albeit unwittingly — of Indian art and artists. Some of the wives of the I.F.S. officers have made very good use of their opportunities for travel abroad and the consequent contact with various cultures. At times when opportunity and talent come together they spark off a definite flare of originality and self-expression.

So it is with Savi Prakash, wife of a retired I. F. S. officer whose first association with oil paints took place in Yugoslavia in '63. A chance meeting with an Indian artist on a scholarship, touched off a dormant impulse to paint. Armed with a few basic instructions from her artist friend and a lot of imagination, Savi launched out on her prolific painting spree. With amazing speed she dashed off seventy to eighty paintings in the space of a few months. These were viewed by five members of the Art Committee of Yugoslavia and some of her paintings were selected as being worthy of an exhibition.





RIGHT: "Townscape."

EXT. RIGHT: "Cityscape."

BELOW: "Kumbh Mela."

Back in India, Savi joined the Triveni Kala Sangam and had some formal training under Kulkarni from '60 to '66. This culminated in an exhibition in Triveni itself.

Savi began with landscapes and went on to cityscapes — clusters of houses crowded one upon the other, nestling in hillsides and valleys. Gradually her simple primitive landscapes included figures — shrouded, jostling, shoulder to shoulder, figures that somehow captured the spirit of the teeming millions. A good example of this is her "Kumbh Mela" reproduced here.

The speed with which she fills a canvas has been both her forte and her failing. The feverish haste has resulted in some powerful paintings that show intense concentration and delineation of ideas in just a few strong lines. The spontaneity of colour and line makes her work vigorous and pulsating. And yet at times this very speed has been a drawback, for some canvases that hold great promise would have been much more impressive if Savi had the patience to devote more time and thought to them. "But I have no patience whatsoever," says Savi. "When I begin painting I like to finish as quickly as possible. I keep looking at an empty canvas until I suddenly see the picture on it. I know exactly every detail before I start on the painting so there is no question of the painting 'evolving'. So once I 'see' the picture it is all over very fast."

Continued on page 53

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

FIGHT AGAINST CANCER

Shruti Shukla

Before I went over to see her I spent the whole night reasoning it out, trying to find a religious, if not a logical, explanation for why little Kasturi, of all people, had to have this tragedy strike her down even before she had realised what life was all about.

Could **punarjanma** explain it? Or the story of the Vasu brothers of the Mahabharata, who had been cursed that they should be given birth on earth, and who were thrown into the river Ganges by Ganga, one by one, immediately after birth?

Kasturi Sircar, known to me as Tumpa, is a six-year-old with large, dark eyes and raven-black hair. She has always been slim and willowy, and has a beautifully shaped head, and lovely slender hands.

The last time she came to us she had been charmed by my mother's garden, which was then at its best. This was in January, and I remember she had romped around the vegetable garden looking for cucumbers and **kakari.**

It was some days later, on March 1, that she had a stomach-ache — severe enough to have to call a doctor, but certainly not bad enough to warrant anxiety. The doctor declared it to be due to worms in the stomach.

That passed. Nothing happened after she had been given the anti-worm medicine.

Then, on March 22, her belly appeared to be slightly distended. And it went on swelling. They took her to the doctor, who said it could be due to a lump of some sort. He advised Tumpa's parents to get her abdomen X-rayed.

But by the 25th her stomach had swelled to 42 inches. From the region of her chest it jutted out like a gourd. She was admitted to Kurji Holy Family Hospital, Patna, on the 29th of that month.

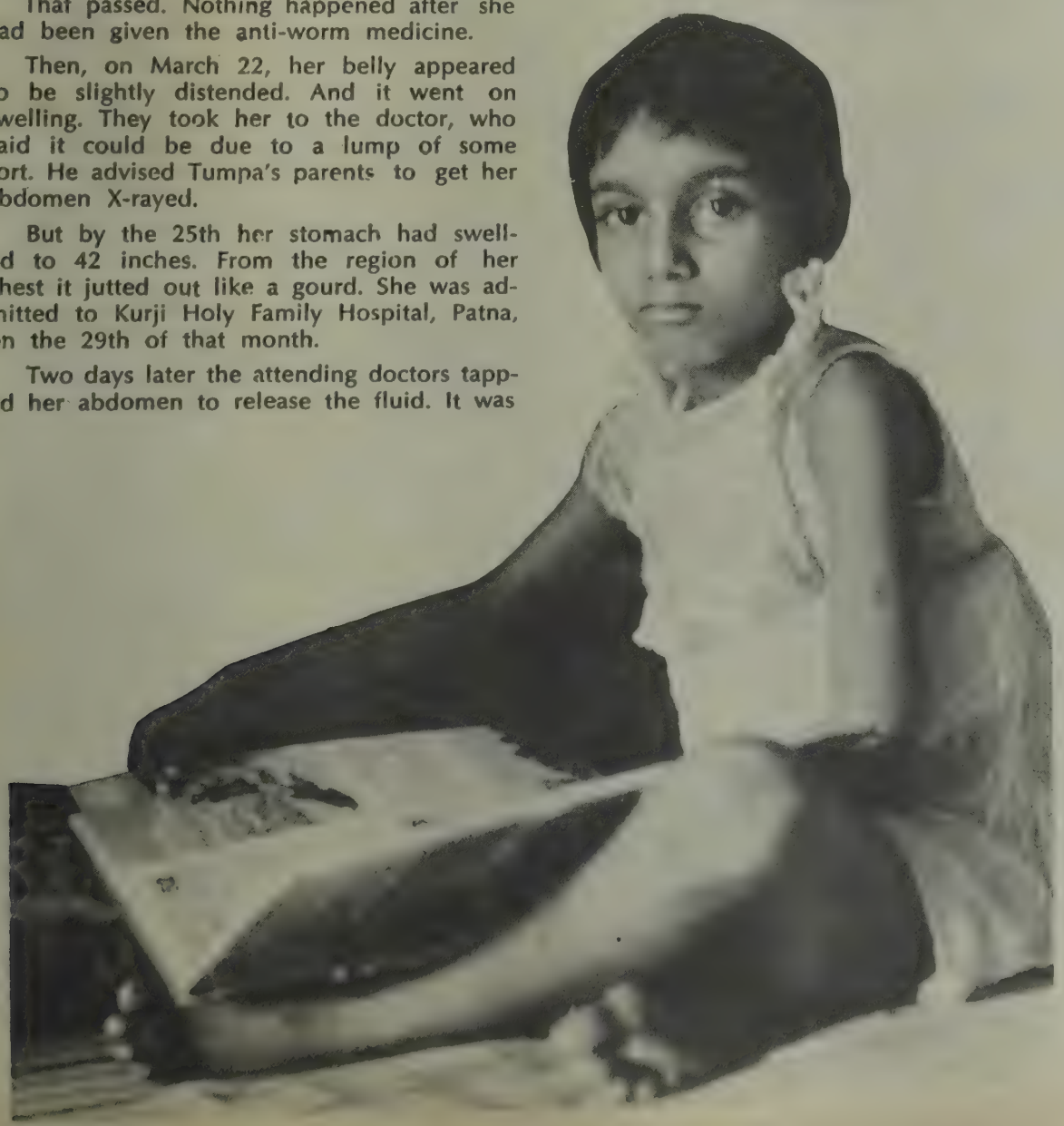
Two days later the attending doctors tapped her abdomen to release the fluid. It was like puncturing a water-filled balloon — the doctor was splattered with the fluid. The amount of fluid thus tapped filled two pots of 1000 miligrams capacity each.

Meanwhile the X-rays taken just before the tapping showed a little of her throat and a hazy left lung — the rest was nothing but a huge mass of whitish shapelessness.

The doctor attending on Kasturi advised an operation — as soon as possible. But when her father was asked to give his written consent, as per the rules, he turned around silently to look the doctor directly and questioningly in the face. The latter shook his head and murmured, "I wouldn't give her a chance."

The operation was not performed.

The morning of April 9 found Tumpa, her parents and her grandparents in Calcutta. She was admitted to the Chittaranjan Hospital.



Though the Patna doctors had said it might be cancer, Dr. A. K. Ghosh, Head of the Department of Gynaecology, was doubtful — the fluid tests showed no malignancy. He suspected a tumour on the right wall of the ovary.

Little Tumba was operated upon on April 16 and Dr. Ghosh was proved right — there was a huge, white, solid tumour exactly where he had said it would be, one kilogram and 205 grams in weight. The operation was witnessed by specialists from far and near, as well as students and other doctors. Such a case had never been seen in the past 35 years, and Kasturi was the youngest ever in the country to have cancer of the ovary.

The diagnosis was that she had myxsarcoma of the uterus, and they removed the uterus along with the gall-bladder and the appendix. The whole operation was recorded on film.

They came home on May 16. But in early June her abdomen swelled again. They consulted Dr. D. M. Mukherji of the Calcutta Medical Board of Cancer, who tapped Tumpa's tummy for still more fluid. She was referred to Patna's Dr. Rangi Prasad Singh.

When I went over to see Tumpa in early July, she was up and about, watching her mother preparing her food. She saw me and came to me, her eyes now enormous in her sweet little face. Then she smiled — shyly — and ran to call her mother.

The same eyes, enormous, too. But with traces of fatigue, fear and bewilderment. She conveyed her gratitude, then bade me sit down.

Tumpa came and sat next to me and her mother told me she had been talking about Police Nana (my father) and the **kakari** she had eaten from the garden that day in January.

Born on September 17, 1973, Tumpa has always been a happy child and fond of her family, which included her two older brothers — Prawal Shekhar and Kaustab, her parents, her grandparents and their menageric of a bear, birds, squirrels, cats and dogs.

Kaustab and Tumpa quarrel a lot, but Prawal is too old for that. And even when he had his Matriculation examination he was at the hospital the whole day. He missed a first division by just two marks.

Tumpa is very fond of Lassie, the Labrador with the sleepy eyes. Lassie had bitten Tumpa in early 1979 — and at first her illness was thought to be related to the abdominal injections she had had to take at that time. But doctors found that this was not so.

Now she is being given an injection, an Italian miracle drug, supposedly the latest weapon against cancer, Adriblastina. Each phial costs Rs. 256 and Tumpa is given two

Continued on page 58

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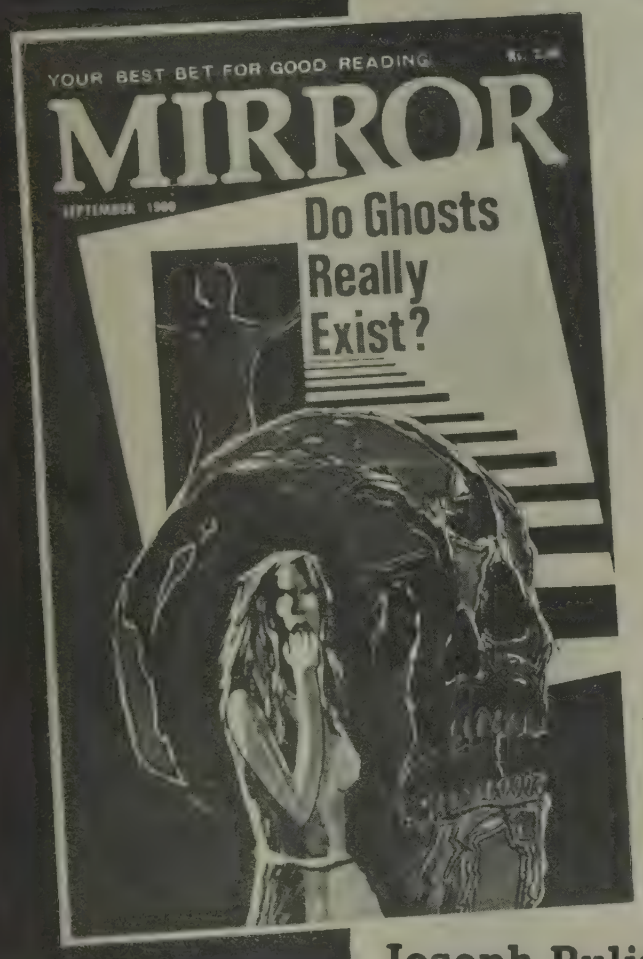
Even in this age of science and reason, people remain confused about the existence of ghosts. And caught between the refusal to believe in them and a readiness to believe another's experience, they are none the wiser. The cover story throws new light on this age-old controversy. With excerpts from the late Dr. Abraham Kovoor's findings.



September 1980 Issue

Other Highlights:

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This famous reservoir in Aurangabad is still a baffling architectural enigma for the layman. Another installment in our 'Discovering' series.

What Rohini Really Means To India
With the orbit of Rohini, India has joined the Space Club. Is this the start of a serious exploration by our space scientists or is it just another flash-in-the-pan?
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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S INDIAN CONNECTION

Visalam R. Krishnan

"Of the sanitary improvements in India, three-fourths are due to Miss Nightingale." This declaration by the Governor of Bengal in 1868 will no doubt be viewed with surprise by many Indians. Florence Nightingale is mostly revered as the Guardian Angel of the Nursing Order of Service the world over. But how did work to further India's public health figure in her life?

This forgotten aspect of Nightingale's crusading life deserves mention at the time of her 160th birth anniversary.

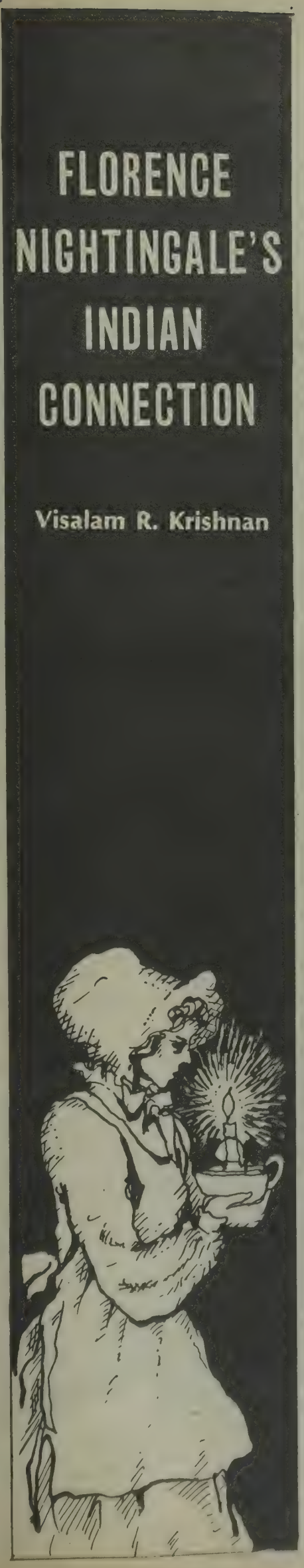
True, Nightingale's very life is a series of surprises. Born in Florence (Italy) the city which gave her her name — of wealthy and aristocratic British parents, Nightingale grew up "strange and obstinate", living in a dream world of her own. At 17 she told everyone that she had heard a voice calling to her. "God spoke to me and called me to His service," she declared. That service turned out to be nursing the sick and the needy, which reached a high point during the Crimean War, 1854-1856, and earned her immortality and the appellation "Lady With The Lamp".

But after her return from the Crimea, she kept away from public appearances. In fact, many even assumed that she was dead. She was however, over-working to evolve a proper health care system for the foot soldier — the backbone of any army. This work led the British Government to seek her expertise in 1859 to oversee the work of the Sanitary Commission on the Health of the Army in India.

SACRED TRUST

Florence Nightingale attached special importance to this assignment. Unlike her many compatriots, she refused to view India as a conquest. She had firmly held that "the enormous responsibility of India had been placed by Providence in the hands of the British people as a sacred trust, and the object of the British should be to work for the time when the country could be handed back to the people of India endowed with the greatest blessings of western civilisation — health."

She was eager to visit India to do justice to her assignment with the Sanitary Commission on Health. But ill-health confined her to bed, and forced her to abandon the then arduous journey to India. She chalked out a remarkable plan to get detailed reports on every aspect of living in India — diet, living accommodation et al — from every military station in India, not just from one district or state.



Nightingale analysed them carefully, absorbing, retaining and marshalling masses of facts. When she had completed the study, the whole vast sub-continent of India lay before her mind's eye very vividly. Florence Nightingale's conclusions startled the British authorities. "To improve conditions for the British troops in India," she pointed out, "the whole sanitary level of the country must be raised." The health of the army and the people of India went hand in hand she emphasised.

Not all the bureaucratic hurdles could arrest Nightingale's subsequent crusade for the establishment of an Indian Public Health Service to carry out her detailed recommendations. Luckily, she had the enthusiastic support of Lord Mayo and Lord Napier, who were at the helm of affairs in India shortly after she presented her report in 1864. With their co-operation, she was happy to see her suggestions implemented step by step and faithfully. Well could she exclaim: "This is the dawn of a new era for India."

THE VILLAGE ELDER

Nightingale's interest in India was not confined to health programmes alone. The manner and customs of the Indian peasant and the life of the Indian village fascinated her. According to one biographer, "Florence Nightingale was the only human being at that period who had mastered the Bengal land purchase system."

No wonder that in 1870, she was elected an Honorary Member of the Bengal Social Sciences Association on the initiative of Indian members. Florence Nightingale responded by writing a scholarly paper addressed to The Village Elder on Indian sanitation, which was read at the Association's annual function. It was considered interesting enough to be translated into all Indian languages for wide distribution in every village and inhabited locality.

About this time, the Viceroy, Lord Mayo sought Nightingale's advice to provide him 'some essential guidelines' to set up the sanitary administration. In response, Florence Nightingale took a step forward. Her guidelines ranged from advocating engineering works to laying down an economic policy!

A "PECULIAR PROBLEM"

"Before sanitation must come irrigation," she noted. "Nothing could be done in India until the people are well fed. Health was impossible, justice was impossible, organisation was impossible, as long as the great mass of the people of India was semi-starved from birth to death. And so, agricultural development. which implied irrigation, must come first of all," she told the Viceroy.

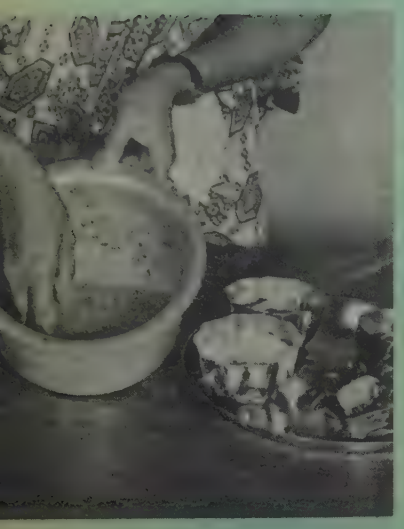
IT IS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN THAT THE "LADY WITH THE LAMP", WHO BROKE OUT OF HER PRIM VICTORIAN HOME TO SERVE SOLDIERS IN THE CRIMEA, ALSO INTERESTED HERSELF IN EVOLVING PROPER HEALTH AND SANITATION SYSTEMS FOR INDIAN CITIES

Her capacity to inspire faith among all people was unbelievable. In 1872, the engineer of Calcutta Municipality sought Florence Nightingale's intervention on a "peculiar problem". The growing and overcrowded city of Calcutta was in urgent need of a drainage system and a pure water supply project. Could Florence Nightingale exercise any influence?

Sure she could. And she did. After examining the engineer's blueprints, she wrote a memo to the then Governor of Bengal. The "difficulties" were all overcome and authorization for necessary work came quickly. "Few inhabitants of Calcutta," Miss Nightingale said in good humour later, "would ever realise the surprising fact that they owed their water supply to me!"

Few knew then. Few indeed know even now. And fewer still know the tremendous exertions Florence Nightingale had made at the highest level to help lay the foundations for a healthier and happer India — as far back as 100 and more years ago.

SPINACH ROULADE



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A substantial dish, adequate for a main course. It is economical, nutritious and, above all, very tasty and easy to prepare. MALATI KARWARKAR and JYOTSNA PADMAKAR show you the easy way in four steps.

FOR THE ROULADE:

1 cup spinach, chopped fine; 1 cup gram flour, mixed with 1 tbsp. flour; ½ cup curds, mixed with 1½ cups water, ½ tsp. salt; 1 tsp. oil.

FOR THE FILLING:

250 gram minced meat; 1 tsp. each ginger, garlic. paste; 1 tsp. salt; 1 tsp. chilli powder; 1 tsp. curry powder; 2 onions, chopped; 2 tbsps. oil.

FOR THE FILLING:

Heat the oil. Add the onions. Fry for a minute and add the minced meat with the ground paste and the dry spices. Fry for five minutes. Pressure cook till dry.

FOR THE ROULADE:

1. Mix together all the ingredients given for the roulade thoroughly. Pressure cook for eight to ten minutes. Reduce the pressure, open and cool slightly.

2. Immediately spread the mixture on a reversed, greased side of a thali.

3. Spread to half inch thickness like a chappati. Spread the mince evenly over.

4. Roll from one end carefully like a swiss roll. Gently lift up and place on a serving dish. Decorate with salad dressings of your choice. Cut into thick slices and serve with chutney or sauce.

Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN
a discouraging profile

WITH THE VAST MAJORITY OF INDIA'S WOMEN WORKERS EMPLOYED IN THE UNORGANISED SECTORS OF OUR ECONOMY, THEY ARE DENIED EVEN THE BASIC NORMS OF SOCIAL JUSTICE

Kamla Mankekar

The fact that 94 per cent of the 90 million women workers in India are in the unorganised sector of economic activity and hence are not covered by protective labour legislations is an index of the conditions of work for women in the country.

Roughly, three-fourths of the total number of women in the country's work force live in the villages. These include agriculturists, farm labour, those engaged in cottage industries, crafts, animal husbandry, and poultry farming and others working at construction sites of dams, industrial plants, irrigation projects, roadways, etc. The remaining 26 per cent cover all other venues of employment — educational institutions, health services, factories, professions, commerce, communications, offices of private and public undertakings and departments of Central and State Governments.

This discouraging profile of working women is made even gloomier by the acute unemployment and under-employment prevalent among them. Though women constitute about 33 per cent of the labour force in the country they account for 40 per cent of the total unemployment. According to a study by the Indian Council of Social Science Research (ICSSR), in the non-agricultural sector the number of women workers declined from 9.3 million to 6.3 million in the decade ending 1971. The number of men workers during the period increased from 32.8 million to 48.4 million.

Another ICSSR study indicates that while the country has launched various socio-economic development programmes, women have not only been left untouched by their benefits, but "their position has registered an opposite trend." Take the case of rural women workers — cultivators as also the landless labour. Farm women contribute about 36 per cent of the total employment in agriculture yet they are responsible for 60 to 70 per cent of agricultural operations including sowing, transplanting, harvesting and storage of farm produce. But officially they are not recognised as 'workers'; they are listed as dependent housewives! One reason for this curious classification may be that, as of 1973, 45 per cent of the total working women were unpaid helpers in family farms or allied activities. Consequently, they are not eligible for benefits like loans for farm equipment, fertiliser, dairy cattle, etc. These facilities are extended only to male farmers. Similarly courses conducted for better methods of farming are for men only. Women who have traditionally tended milch cattle, are not admitted to milk cooperatives. A classic example is the Gujarat Milk Producers Cooperative. Women feed and tend the cattle and take the milk to collection centres; but they are not admitted to the producers' cooperative.

According to one computation, 84 per cent of the women workers in the unorganised sector are in agriculture. But they have lost their hold on many agricultural functions. If modern methods of farming have made these easier, the change has pushed the women workers to the background. It is only the men who learn to operate machines like harvesters, tractors and tubewells. At a recent seminar in Rajasthan peasant women complained that, though earlier their help was sought to irrigate fields, now with the advent of tubewells, they were kept out of that job. "Men push the button to start the motor and sit smoking and gossiping; they forbid us to even touch the machine, saying we will spoil it." The female work participation declined from over 33 per cent in 1911 to 23 per cent in 1961. According to official estimates, it is stagnating at around that level. But independent researchers contend that it has declined much further in a continuing trend.

Women from the landless labour force are the most exploited among workers. Their wages are 20 to 40 per cent less than those of men. This should be seen against the fact that the Minimum Wages Act is, in the present circumstances, impossible to be applied to the unorganised sector and the actual wages fall far short of the statutory minimum. No welfare or protective rules govern their conditions of work. Often, economic pressures compel these women to return to their back-breaking tasks within days of child-birth. There are no maternity centres, no creches, no child care services to help them.

ABOVE : None of the profit from selling these beautiful handicrafts comes to the women who make them.

ABOVE LEFT : Women in the mining industry are being eased out of jobs traditionally held by them.

In organised industry, as wages and working conditions have improved, women have been eased out of the jobs traditionally held by them. This has happened in the textile and jute industry and in mining areas. In the last two decades, the number of women workers has declined by 30 to 60 per cent in these sectors. However where wages are low and conditions of work poor — as in the case of bidi rolling and agarbatti making — women constitute 50 to 60 per cent of the total workers. In crafts, women are paid a pittance for beautiful handiwork which traders and contractors sell at fancy prices in city markets. Among such exploited groups are the gota and sequin embroidery workers of Rajasthan, "chikan" embroidery workers of Lucknow, brass workers of Moradabad and glass bangle makers of Ferozabad. Underpaid, underfed, and living in miserable hovels, these women workers are easy victims to health hazards and die early deaths.

Many of the new industries — pharmaceuticals for instance — employ women as casual labour and thus cheat them of their due rights like provident fund, leave and medical facilities. The industry's contention is that women workers with provision of maternity leave, creches for workers' children, etc. — prove expensive. This is however not

Continued on page 55

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LIFE'S A FUNNY THING

A spoonful of humour to make the medicine go down

When my son, Sunder, without warning said, "Daddy, let's have a Chinese dinner," I had a distinct vision of bank notes flying like swallows. But being of stern stuff, I said, "Sure, little man. Tonight." He went away as happy as Liz Taylor with a new diamond. Coincidences, like life, are funny things. Susie came in and said, "Oh dear, what on earth am I going to do?" She looked about as happy as if she'd lost her life savings.

"What seems to be the trouble, my dear?"

"Well," she said, "I promised to take Geeta for a Chinese meal and now find I lack the funds." I considered this a moment. "No problem," I said with brilliant originality, "I am taking the family this evening. Ask her to join us."

"You're a sweet," said my wife. She was always one for understatement.

* * *

The five of us went, that evening, to a place with an unprounceable name but with the right ideas about food. We ate like a famine was approaching. This was the first time I was meeting Geeta, who looked like a modified version of Ursula Andress but had an appetite like a wrestler in training. She wasn't exactly a flashing conversationalist.

When I said, "What do you think about the present system of education?" She said, "Well, it's okay." I wondered for a moment whether she had an uncle in the government.

* * *

Hospitality being what it is, I invited her over to the house after the meal. She graciously consented to come. I felt as if I'd been knighted. But my little daughter, Sushila, seemed to have taken a shine to Geeta and I never distrust a child's judgement. Maybe my own was growing bristles.

When we got home and were settled down, I came up with the old line. "What'll you drink, Geeta?" She said, "A weak whisky and soda." I got her one, poured myself a strong one in contrast, gave Susie a tot of brandy and the kids an orange each. I raised my glass and said, "Here's wishing you gold in your bank vault." She laughed obligingly and we drank.

* * *

Knowing this wasn't going to be the happiest of evenings if we relied on conversation, I took a shot in the dark and said, "Geeta, do you sing?" She said, "Well, I try." Then she sang like a nightingale in spring. Mariam Makeba would have applauded.

She said, "Any requests?" Sure there were. Susie settled on "Moon River", Sunder asked for "One Way Ticket", Sushila asked for "The Night Before" and I said I'd like to hear "Moonlight and Roses." I tell you, we were treated to a half hour of brilliant singing.

* * *

Then the doorbell went slightly mad and it turned out to be my old pal, Deepak, who works in the same building as I do but in a different office. His take-home pay is also twice mine. I introduced him to Geeta and he held her hand as if letting it go would mean an agonising death. A fire raged in his eyes, Geeta seemed to respond and Cupid must have been flying around smacking his lips.

I gave Deepak the last of the whisky and he raised his glass to Geeta and said, "Here's to an intimate relationship starting from when I put this glass down." Geeta simply said, "Cheers!" I don't know why but I thought of decks being cleared for action.

* * *

Deepak spent an hour with us and apart from Geeta the rest of us could have been in Japan. It seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should see her home and, when they left, I could have bet my right eye that he would kiss her on her doorstep.

This happened a couple of weeks ago. From reports, I understand that Deepak walks around two feet in the air and that Geeta spends a lot of time at the printer's looking at wedding card specimens. I've never been a matchmaker in my life but I now know the kind of rosy glow they get when their task is done.

See you!

SUNNY

A COMBINATION OF REALISM AND FANTASY

Continued from page 44

With her penchant for deft quick lines Savi has found herself admirably suited to sketching. In fact some of her sketches are even more powerful than her paintings. She is constantly sketching and when she was in Srinagar recently did dozens of sketches every day. Strangely enough she has never done a painting from a sketch, and considers the sketches complete in themselves. She hopes to have an exhibition of her selected sketches sometime later.

The sixteen solo exhibitions to her credit are a testimonial to the pace and scope of her creativity. She has had solo and group exhibitions in India, Yugoslavia, Belgium, Switzerland, West Germany, London and New York. Besides oil paintings, these exhibitions also included her sculptures, pen and ink sketches and water colours. Some of her works are in the collection of the Lalit Kala Akademi, New Delhi, Museums of Art in Bonn and Brussels as well as in private collections in India and abroad.

She has also received awards from the Lalit Kala Akademi, Sahitya Kala Parishad and in the International Women's Year Art Exhibition. While the art critics abroad see an inherent Indian streak in her paintings, the critics in India read a lot of western influence in her work which proves either the versatility of interpretation, or the blend of the Indian and Western style and thought or perhaps a bit of both.

Be that as it may, Savi paints because she enjoys it. It is more a pastime that thrills her. She works — "I don't really call it work, it is not a 'job' that has to be done" — with total happiness that leaves no room for ego or ambition. She is not bothered about awards, criticism or evaluation. She is not serious enough to consider painting as a career and paints purely for her personal satisfaction. The success that has come her way is incidental.

Good music and good paintings move her to tears. This deep emotional response to painting has been part of her mental makeup even before she began to paint. She has made a mark on the art scene in spite of a very late start, painting her first picture when she was nearing forty.

Savi's works remain a "combination of realism and fantasy, with arbitrary lighting, tones and nuances, soft but not dull". The areas of light and shadow cause subsidiary patterns and give a touch of the lyrical.

She is a painter in a hurry, a painter who with a bit more patience can achieve very much more — if she wants to.

M. J.

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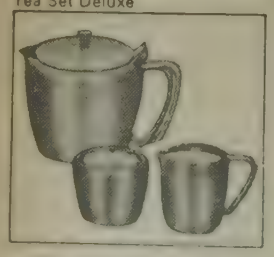

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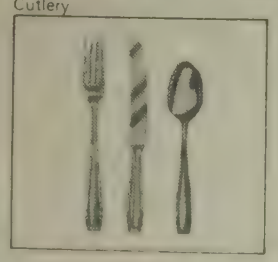

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EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN

Continued from page 51

proved by statistics. Labour Ministry records, for a recent year, showed that of the 1.73 lakh women factory workers only about 3,800 claimed maternity benefits costing about Rs. 4 lakhs — a negligible sum by any standard.

In the services, women's share ranges from seven to ten per cent. The Indian Administrative Service has 260 women out of its total strength of 3,884. In the non-governmental sector, only two to three per cent women hold executive posts, the rest work in the lower rungs as typists, clerks receptionists, telephone operators, etc.

The share of women in the organised sector may have increased marginally in recent years, but it is still only about 12 per cent. There is hardly any improvement in the private sector. The proportion of women job-seekers at the employment exchanges is rising over time. Proportionately, there is more recorded unemployment among educated women than educated men.

It has been noted that even when they secure employment women stagnate in their jobs; they are not "ambitious", it is said, and they do not strive for advancement. However, women workers have their own side of the story to tell. Almost all of them shoulder dual responsibility — of home and work-place. That leaves little time or energy for effort in career promotion or professional pursuits. Working wives frequently have no control over their earnings — their salary cheques often go to the husband's bank account; that kills the incentive to earn more. Securing job promotion sometimes means submitting to various demands of a senior officer, which many refuse. Discrimination against women workers is not only at lower levels; women administrators are generally given less important departments; recently a senior woman diplomat sought legal intervention for having been denied the position due to her.

In the next three or four years some ten million more women are expected to enter the lobour market. This would be in addition to the existing level of female unemployment of seven to eight million. If conditions of work for women are not improved now, the problem soon would become unmanageable. The level of their training must be raised to make women valuable, useful workers; existing labour laws should be enforced rigidly. So far trade unions have ignored women workers' needs and problems. This only shows that women must organise themselves to fight for their rights. They need national and international assistance of women's organisations, government departments and international agencies. Discrimination against women is not merely a battle between the sexes; it is a struggle for human dignity and social justice.

Courtesy : UNICEF Feature Service

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

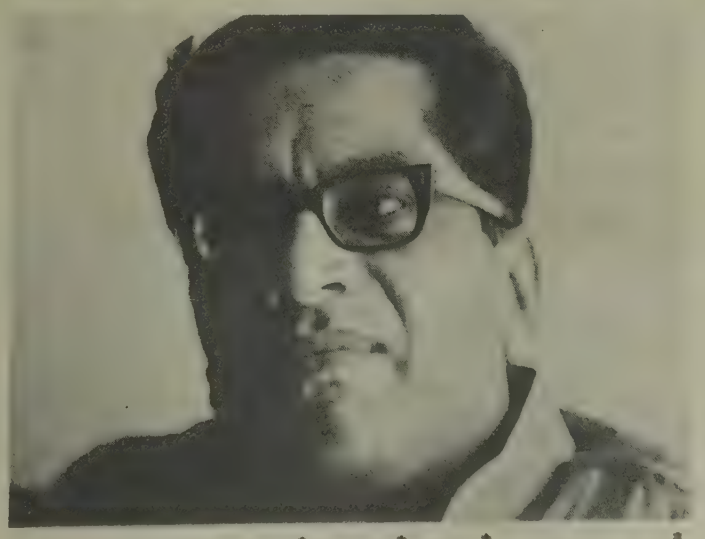
THE MAHARASHTRIAN MAFIA

The Taj Mahal hotel folks insist that Zeenat and Sanjay are more than cordial to each other now. It is too much of a co incidence that "Abdullah" Khan is in the Shamiana on coffee and ex-Begum Zeenat in the steam bath and the Health Club. Folks insist they while away time for more intimate interludes.

* * *

Rivals of Kohla (Padmini Kohlapure) are active. Apart from Raj Kapoor, they insist, the real "godfather" behind Kohla is Lata Mangeshkar. "She insists she will only sing for films in which Kohla acts, because Kohla is her niece." What nonsense! Kohla is a sort of poor relative, the country cousin, of Lata (cousin's daughter). Her father is a music teacher and mother works at the Indian Airlines counter at the Santa Cruz Airport, and Kohla as a child was exposed to V.I.P. traffic. If Lata was to sponsor her during "Satyam" then there would have been cascades of photographs showing Lata hugging her, etc. In fact, even Raj, like Columbus, discovered Padmini as a child, and Columbus cannot take credit for today's skyscrapered America in transit to the Moon. It was Nasir Hussain who signed her as a full-fledged heroine.

* * *



Like the Kapoors, the ghatees, rather ghatans, are suddenly all over filmdom. Dadasaheb Phalke was the Columbus of the film world, and now the Maharashtrian brigade is back with a vengeance — Nutan, Nanda, Nalini Jaywant, Tanuja, Shashikala, Kiran Vairale, Ashalata Babgaokar ("Apne Paraye"), with Smita Patil at one end, Padmini Kohlapure at the tail end, not to miss out. Shobha Kilachand and me armed with the pen in the socialite and star world, topped with two gorgeous light-eyed ghatees, Dr. Lagoo and Vasant Sathe, Information and Broadcasting Minister. In fact, Raj Kapoor in "Prem Rog" is surrounded by the Maharashtrian Mafia — Kohla, Nanda, Tanu, Kiran Vairale, not to miss Vijayendra Ghatge.

* * * * * *

And after all the recent accusations against the police plus the caricature of the police shown in Hindi films, it was such a relief to see a stylish, dedicated police force in "Be-Reham". Sanjeev's performance as the Commissioner of Police is the most outstanding in his career. It gives a nice feelng, especially to working women like me who have to roam around the city at odd hours at night, that at least the policewalla is yours.

BOMBAY

Doburg Lager Breweries Pvt. Ltd. held a press get-together to launch their Doburg beer in the all-India market. The entrepreneurs behind this venture, the Dongres of Balamrita fame, have secured the technical collaboration of a well-known British brewery. Shortly they propose to enter the export market with tinned beer.

* * *

A national seminar was organised by the All-India Letter Writers' Association in collaboration with the German Leprosy Relief Association. Dr. Leo A. Rebello, Consultant, Nature Cure and Yoga, spoke on the occasion.

Earlier, Mr. Anthony Parakal, President, AILWA, welcomed the gathering of about 200 people, which included doctors, paramedics, professionals, social workers, housewives and students, and observed that leprosy needed priority attention by all sections of the public and communicators in particular. Mr. Vijay Merchant who inaugurated the seminar said leprosy is like any other disease which could be cured and it is the responsibility of the Forum like AILWA to allay the fear, ignorance and superstition of the masses.

Prominent participants at the seminar included Dr. Ramchandani, Dy. Director, Health Services, Maharashtra, Dr. M. L. Dhawale, Director, Institute of Clinical Research, Dr. K. N. Kasad, Consulting Homoeopath, Dr. R. Ganapati, Director of the Bombay Leprosy Project, Rev. Fr. Carlo Torriani, Chairman of Lok Seva Sangam, Dr. V. V. Dongre, Secretary, RRE Society, Mr. M. D. Anagol, Chairman, Shalimar Industrial Estate, Miss Kashmira B. Baria, Miss Pushpika Freitas and others. AILWA treasurer Mr. V. R. Harshan proposed a vote of thanks.

* * *

The Music Triangle, a suburban cultural group, organised a festival of music and drama at Shanmukhananda Hall. The festival featured a recital by Kishori Amonkar, and three tamil plays by the Crazy Mohan Troupe from Madras. The Music Triangle, which provides a forum for arts in the suburbs, also runs a music school for children from middle and lower income families. The festival was organised to raise funds for the school.

* * *

The Victoria Technical Institute (VTI) of Madras are holding an exhibition-cum-sale on September 25, 26 and 27, 1980, at the 'In-Place', Hotel Oberoi Towers. On display will be exquisite Bruges lace, Venetian lace, Petit point, Shadow work, Cross stitch, Fine cut work and crochet, skilfully worked on table linen, dainty handkerchiefs, bed linen, layettes and sarees.

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

The intricate skills of needlecraft are imparted to talented seamstresses at the South Indian Women's Workshop at VTI.

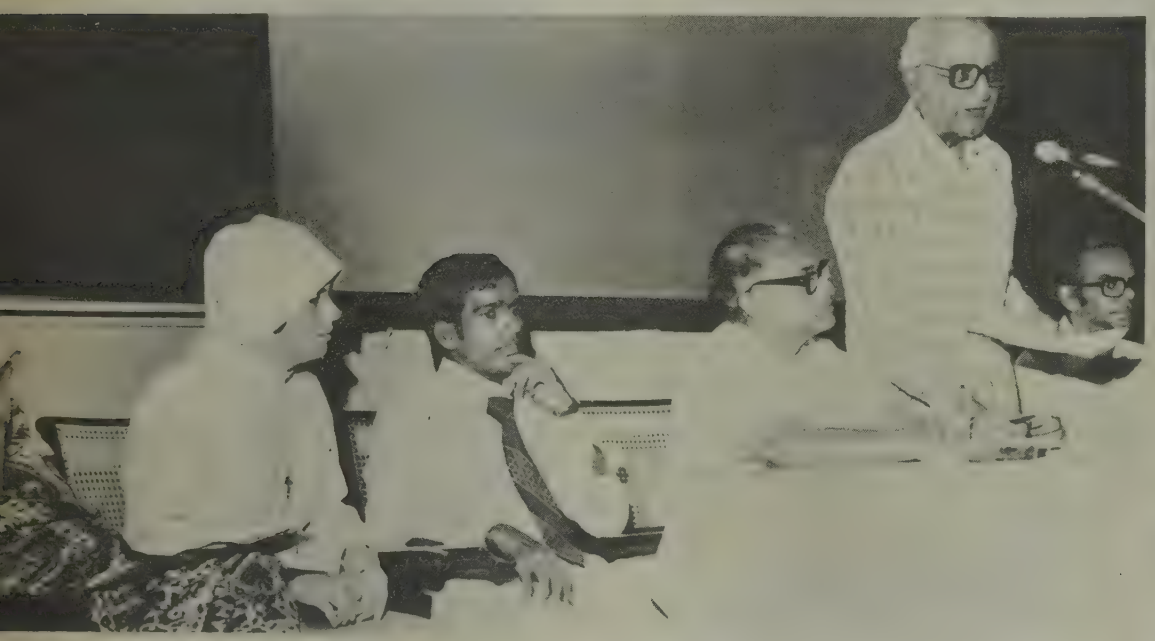
* * *

A seven day exhibition of over 150 works of the Bengali artist, Jamini Roy will be inaugurated by the veteran painter, N. S. Bendre at the Jehangir Art Gallery on October 2.

The paintings will be drawn from the artist's own family collection, from works owned by the Bengal government and from private collections. A 20-minute colour film produced by Debabrata Roy will be screened daily.

* * *

An exhibition of oil paintings depicting Nature (knife technique) was held at Taj Art Gallery by Kavi and Pinky.



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1. At the National Seminar on Leprosy held in Bombay are seen (from left) Mrs. Florie Freitas, Sr. (Dr.) Christina, Dr. Leo Rebello, Mr. Anthony Parakal, Mr. Vijay Merchant, and Mr. Ram Pillai.

2. At the opening of the Diners Club Executive Center in Bombay are seen (from left) Mrs. Nargis Nagarwala, Mrs. Daulat Kotwal, and Mrs. Perveez Aggarwal.

3. At the launching ceremony of Doburg Beer at Taj Mahal Hotel, Bombay, are seen (from left) Mrs. Usha Dahanukar, Mr. Bal Dhuri, film star Jayshree Gadkar, Mr. Daji Bhatwadekar, Mrs. Vaidehi Dongre, and Mr. Nanasaheb Dongre.

DELHI

A spate of song and dance programmes were held recently in the capital. Sonal Mansingh's School of Dancing presented up and coming dancers for three days at the India International Centre. There were some very promising performers. In the mornings Sonal Mansingh had organised a seminar in which dance critics, dancers and parents of the dancers participated.

* * *

The Taj Mahal Hotel presented the inimitable Jagjit Singh and wife Chitra in a delightful evening of music. Jagjit has a vast following in the capital and the Diwane-Am Hall of Taj was overflowing with listeners. Gajras of jasmine were given to lady visitors and rose petals were strewn all over.

CALCUTTA

A seminar on national integration was organised by "Antar-Bharati" for making citizens conscious of the dangers facing the country and fight it in the Gandhian way of peace and communal harmony. The seminar was inaugurated by Justice Sabyasachi Mukherjee.

* * *

An interesting display of skill and artistry in "Vegetable Sculpture" was organised by the Pushpa Bitan Club. Radha S. Kheran who has received diplomas in arts and crafts as well as training in Ceramic colouring and Glaze from Japan, demonstrated how vegetables can be transformed in a few minutes into delicate looking flowers. The ingenuity of making a green pumpkin into a lovable tortoise with only a few deft knife thrusts, a penguin family out of three cucumbers and a gorgeous fish from a single white gourd was fascinating.

* * *

A seminar on national integration and separatism, was held in the city recently. Mr. P. C. Sen and Dr. Nihar Roy were the main speakers. Dr. Roy said that without a feeling of community in economic life, with the removal of tension between rural and urban outlooks, nationalism would be just a word. He felt that the relationship between the national and regional identity would relieve this tension.

LUCKNOW

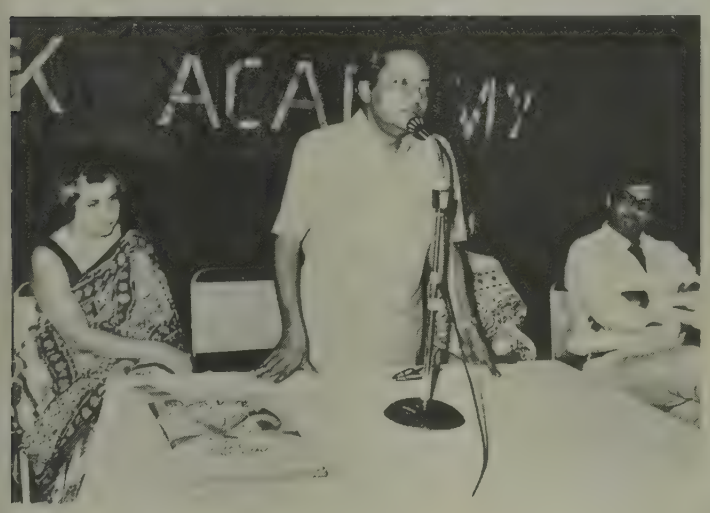
Mrs. Beverly May Carl, a law professor of Dallas, Texas, addressed a seminar on "Legal Rights of Women in the US" organised by the US Information Centre in which she stressed that though the struggle of women in the US had come a long way in the last 100 years, the fight for equality was still on. She pointed out that a century ago women were barred from entering the legal profession, yet today they were being admitted into the military services.

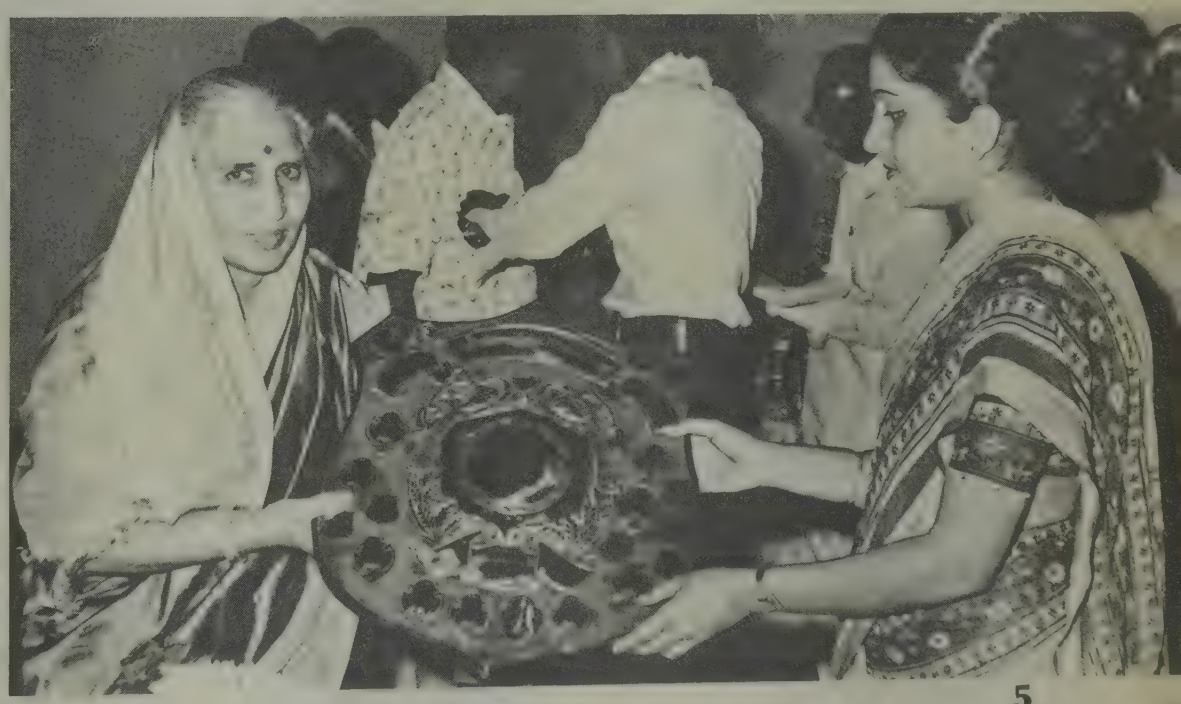
* * *

Mrs. Gauri Pant 'Shivani', the well-known poetess was the chief guest at an exhibition organised by the UP State Information Centre on Munshi Premchand, whose birth centenary is being celebrated this year. The exhibition comprised a rare collection of books and photographs depicting the life and times of the renowned author. A decision has also been taken to produce a documentary film on the prolific author.

* * *

Mrs. M. H. Beg inaugurated an exhibition of German books and paintings organised by the Indo-German Cultural Society. On the occasion, Mrs. Lalita Jain, President of the Society, outlined the functions of the Society and its activities in the last year.





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4. Chief Guest Mr. Kamleshwar, Asst. Director, TV Centre, Bombay, addresses the gathering at the inauguration of Ashok Academy's karate classes.

5. Mrs. Rekha Anilkumar receives the rolling shield from Mrs. Basavarajeswari, Chairman of the Karnataka Legislative Council, for her prize-winning demonstrations at the Ikebana and Indian Floral Art show conducted by the Mysore Horticulture Society in Bangalore.

6. Mrs. Mohinder Kaur lighting the lamp at the Bhilai Mahila Samaj Founders' Day celebrations. Mrs. Meena Jain, President, and others look on.

7. Film star Kamini Kaushal inaugurated an exhibition of textile paintings at Aakar Art Gallery in Bombay. Mrs. Kamini Mehta, the artist, is seen at right.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK SEPT. 28 — OCT. 4. 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK

A year of change and prosperity for most of you. Don't be afraid of the new and untried, and get too firmly stuck in the rut to welcome new ideas and plans. Changes and travel, experiments and new contacts, initiative and enterprise will bring happy results. You may have to take important decisions, but don't always decide for what is, decide in favour of new lines of thought and action, whether in your professional or domestic life. Travelling too is likely and this will prove beneficial. In short, an important stage in your life when courage to accept or initiate changes will play a crucial role in shaping your future.

ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)

Don't allow a mild flirtation to develop into a serious commitment. You may antagonise a steady friend and be disappointed yourself. This will be upsetting and you will regret your impulsiveness. An amusing companion may not make a loyal spouse.

TAURUS
(Apr 21 — May 21)

You may be tempted to try something new as colleagues change their minds and upset your plans, but this is not a week for experiments and pinning hopes on new contacts. Stick to the old and familiar.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

October and November will not be lucky for you. So keep your efficiency at the maximum and be ready to meet set-backs. Foresight and readiness to meet the unexpected will see you through this difficult period.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Nostalgia for men and places from the past will have you planning for a visit to a person or place you have not seen recently. You will be repaying a debt or performing a duty you owe and about which you have been feeling guilty.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

If you are active in local affairs, an exciting week as events occur in your neghbourhood which give rise to a good deal of heated controversy. It could also be someone new moves in next door. You will find plenty of things to keep you busy.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

A good week to relax. Have fun, enjoy yourself. As the week ends, you have to make a decision about a long-standing personal relationship. If you disagree, don't end it, agree on a compromise.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

Changes and travels are strongly indicated. Don't therefore resist new trends and try to go on as before. A week to experiment, explore, make new contacts and rearrange your business and domestic affairs.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

You will prosper to the extent you display enterprise, initiative and flair for planning ahead. Meet people, find out new fields of activity, send applications, plan new projects. But be discreet and keep your plans to yourself.

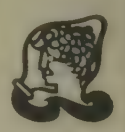
SAGITTARIUS
(Dec 23 — Dec 22)

Your spouse may be planning moves to help his kith and kin. Go along and even display keen interest in these plans. He will be immensely pleased and this will be found a great asset in the future; it may even help him.

CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

Monday will bring you a message or visitor from a long way off. Plan picnics and parties on Thursday. Saturday will prove lucky about an issue vitally concerned with your prestige and plans. Altogether a busy week.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 20)



The worries and problems that may beset you will work out on their own. Just carry on with your routine. Your income increases and someone you love will be more affectionate between October and February.

PISCES
(Feb 21 — Mar 21)

A period of lassitude will affect your activities so that you are dropped out of teams and committees. But you may renew some acquaintances you have lost sight of. Don't be discouraged if you find yourself at a loose end.

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Continued from page 45

together, slowly, over four hours, every 20 days. In reaction to the drug she has lost her hair.

Dr. Singh feels that the cancer is now localised and has been reduced by the drug. Time alone will tell who wins, Tumpa and the injection, or cancer. When I spoke to Dr. Singh, he referred to Tumpa with indulgent affection. "She asks me to take some more X-rays so that she can go home. These injections have increased her life expectancy to over a year, I am glad to say."

While Mrs. Sircar told me the news, Tumpa was leaning against her, her eyes wide, her face a study in concentration. What could she understand of words like gynaecology, ovary, uterus, myxsarcoma and cancer? Then, as her mother told me about Tumpa getting 99 per cent marks in Mathematics and coming close to that in English and Science, Tumpa looked at me and smiled her slow, tantalising smile — and in the depths of those beautiful, expressive eyes I could see some traces of that concentration of a few seconds before, and I realised that she was probably storing away all these words in the recesses of her mind to look up later or to ask about.

Her mother went on to say how tired she was. Just before Tumpa's illness, she herself had been ill, and during that time their house had been burgled, leaving her with a few clothes and utensils — and now there was this. She said they had used up every rupee that they could collect and would be willing to spend more if they had it. But now she felt she was weakening, that she was on the verge of defeat.

But there she was contradicting herself, I pointed out — and she smiled and nodded, with tears in her eyes.

Tumpa, meanwhile, had brought a book for me to see. She told me she loved school and was going back as soon as the doctor said she could.

"Have any of your friends come to see you? Or your teachers?"

She shook her head slowly, and there was that something, infinitely disturbing, once again in her eyes. A feeling of shock and shame swept over me as I thought of those friends and teachers who had not had the time or affection to visist this little girl, who was facing, even now, her last court of appeal.

As I came away from Tumpa's place and walked into the crowded road with its rush of moving, animated people carrying on quite oblivious of the death that stalked a brave girl who was battling for her life, I was a mother who had created a little girl within me and held her against my bosom and comforted and nurtured through the first few years of her life. And now . . .

And I was a little girl with her seventh birthday just some days away . . . a girl, cuddling a pathetic little rag doll, with a whole world of excitement, adventure, womanhood happiness and the occasional sorrow out there, waiting to stretch out her arms and take . . . thin arms, out of which life was ebbing out, slowly but steadily . .

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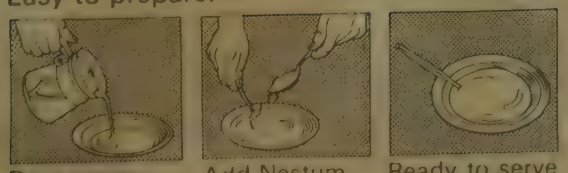

Pour warm, pre-boiled milk | Add Nestum & mix | Ready to serve

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